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MACLEAN'S

Why This Man Is Making People Nervous...



...And How He Could Be Beaten



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The New Quebec:

— Federalism and sovereignty; the conflict comes of age with the Bourassa Years

BY WALTER STEWART



AN ELECTION FREEZES the picture of a people at that instant when, every promise and prejudice weighed and balanced, voters mark and fold their ballots. The picture of Quebec reflected by the election of April 29 — despite the surprisingly easy Liberal win — is confused and contradictory, and faithful to the people of the province. Some of the less ephemeral aspects of that picture:

On a back road near the tiny village of Chute-St-Philippe, Henri Jolicœur, 60, takes my hand to say good-by, takes it and holds on hard while he tells me: "We don't want to be separated from Canada, to be shut up again in our own little corner. We have helped you, now you must help us. Go and tell them we must not be separated. That would crush Canada, that would crush Quebec. Go and tell them, Monsieur." He gets out of my car, walks over to his own, turns and repeats, "*Aidez-nous.*" Then he drives off.

In the battered back room of Le Collège de Vieux Montréal, two students — Roch Poirier and Paul-Pierre Roy, co-ordinators of the independence-minded Ça Urge movement — insist calmly that the question is not whether Quebec will separate, but what kind of independent Quebec will emerge — a democratic socialist one, they hope. What counted in this election, they say, was not the Liberal win, but the strong Parti Québecois showing among young voters, soon to be a majority of the province. "Don't ask about independence," Poirier warns, "that question is already settled."

Outside a Liberal campaign room in the pulp and paper centre of Grand Mère, a loudspeaker chants, over and over, "*On veut des jobs ... on veut des jobs ... on veut des jobs.*"

On a Montreal street, a convertible, driven by a pretty girl and plastered with Parti Québécois stickers, pulls up beside a taxi, and the girl asks for street directions. The cab driver gets out, walks across, looms over the convertible. "Why don't you ask René Lévesque?" he snarls, and turns on his heel.

In a hotel lobby in Noranda, a commercial traveler is musing aloud about how he will vote. "I always voted Union Nationale," he explains, "but what a mess they made ... I like René Lévesque. I think he's the only honest man in the race, but you know what will happen, eh? I will get into the polling booth intending to vote Parti Québécois. I will get the ballot, look at it, and I will end up voting for the Liberals. I'm too old for separatism." He laughs hugely.

On the edge of the little park opposite the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec City, two *calèche* drivers, one middle-aged, the other young, are arguing politics. Suddenly the older man jumps up. "I don't understand what you're getting at," he says angrily, "I don't understand a damn thing in this province any more."

At a shopping centre in Montreal's east end, Robert Bourassa moves through the crowd, shaking hands. His smile comes easily, a big change from the strained and plastered grin with which he opened this campaign. His hand chops down readily to grasp the hands of well-wishers, his Adam's apple bobs in sympathy. Then he comes upon a knot of Parti Québécois supporters, all young, all wearing stony faces and "*Oui*" buttons. Bourassa shrugs. "Let's shake anyway," he says. One youth pulls back his hand as if to avoid infection. Bourassa tries a second, and a third, but the reaction is the same. Just for an instant, his face tightens. Then he smiles, waves, moves off.

In the gymnasium of Mother Secord school, in his own Laurier riding, René Lévesque, who has conducted a deliberately cool, reassuring campaign, stirs to sudden anger. Under the goad of a Montreal Star editorial that was condescending to French Canadians, he begins to lash "the WASPs," "the exploiters," "the white group" who have dominated Quebec "like a bunch of Rhodesians." The crowd reaction is fierce and favorable, but the attack leaves a small, sick feeling



that Lévesque has loosed a genie of hate he may not be able to re-bottle

In short, there was nothing clear-cut about the mood of the province in this election, and there was nothing finally settled by its result The campaign was fought on two main issues — Quebec's faltering economy, and the question of independence. Well the economy is still faltering The vote has not changed Quebec's high unemployment rate (9.2% in March, when 206,000 Quebeckers were out of work, 38% of all the unemployed in Canada), nor increased capital spending (a study by economist R B Macpherson indicated last fall that it would take $10-billion a year in new investment to bring Quebec up to Ontario's standard of living — last year's capital investment in the province was just under $3.5 billion It has not reduced the skyrocketing direct provincial debt ($36 per capita in 1960, $208 in 1969) Premier Bourassa's new team of economic technologists may restore some stability — indeed, it is their main commitment and first order of business — but they are unlikely to make any real breakthrough while the province rests in the shadow of uncertainty on the sovereignty issue.

The election lightened but did not dispel that shadow The Parti Québécois fared far better than anyone anticipated when the election was called on March 12, though not as well as polls taken during the campaign suggested they might The elation in other parties over the defeat of Lévesque and the low number of Parti Québécois seats tended to muffle the fact that this new party — dismissed disdainfully by Prime Minister Trudeau a few months ago — gained more than 20 per cent of the vote, second only to the Liberals, and, except for a distorted electoral map would have won many more seats.

The chief result of the campaign was to help polarize opinion, and to politicize thousands of Quebeckers



who, until now, had no strong feeling about sovereignty one way or the other The Liberals won, in part, because Lévesque did so well that he scared the daylights out of a people who are, in their hearts of hearts, still inclined to the status quo Just before the election was called, the Liberals commissioned a private survey that showed only 6% of the electorate cared about the constitutional issue, and the party designed its appeal for power along purely economic lines But when public opinion polls began to show astonishing PQ strength, the ground rules changed sovereignty became the issue On that issue, the Union Nationale began to shatter and the Liberals to adopt a stronger federalist line However, the process of polarization was not complete by election day there were still many voters who were drawn to the PQ by Lévesque and his social program, many others drawn to the Liberals despite an inclination toward provincial sovereignty Two separate polls showed that more than 45% of those who voted PQ opposed total separation from Canada — one poll showed that 17% of the Liberals, 26% of the Créditistes and 41% of the Union Nationale voters were in favor of independence, provided it included an economic union with Canada Bourassa moved at least part way to meet this feeling Early in the campaign, he promised to initiate a study on the economic aspects of separatism, so that the province could at least argue its pros and cons from a base of facts On the night of his victory, when he might have been expected to clasp confederation to his bosom, he instead planted a kiss on its cheek "The challenge of the Liberal Party in the next few years," he said, "is to show that Quebec can stay in Canada We will face that challenge, taking into account the fact that Quebec is not a province like the others."

Bourassa's victory was not a definite yes or no to federalism — at most it was a resolute maybe It is ironic that when the polls indicated the Parti Québécois might win between 19% and 24% of the vote, English Canada recoiled in horror, when the PQ did in fact win just about 24% of the vote, English Canada said "Thank God for that." What the polls had not shown was what the undecided vote — 35% of the survey four days before the election — would do That vote plumped for the Liberals — in part *because of* the survey

With the election past and the new premier firmly entrenched (although his party got a smaller share of the popular vote than it recorded while losing in 1966), the process of polarization continues The Union Nationale is visibly tearing apart, with its federalist wing drawn to the Liberals, its nationalist wing to the PQ, while the Créditistes remain a small pro-federal knot on the Liberal right Quarrels with Ottawa have not ceased — if anything, they will grow more serious (although they will be conducted in more moderate tones) because Bourassa faces the same problem as any Quebec premier, that of trying to make shrinking revenues cover expanding costs, while the federal presence becomes ever more obtrusive in the provincial budget (in 1964, Ottawa covered 8% of Quebec's budget, in 1969 20%) The new premier has indicated he is ready to take the leadership of eastern Canada in a struggle for a more equal sharing of the nation's riches, which means, in plain terms, that like every Quebec premier before him, he will soon be attacking Ottawa, demanding a new fiscal and constitutional deal

When the first bloom of electoral elation wears off, and the province's economic ills refuse to evaporate instantly, the independence issue will begin to simmer once more

This election was an important one, but it did not solve the problems of Quebec, or Canada. Barring some miracle, when Quebec troops to the polls again four years from now, it will be to grapple once more with its destiny — and ours. □

The enlightened polls

The Quebec election was fought under what is probably the most enlightened voting legislation in Canada. Quebec election law limits the amount any man or party can spend It also provides for provincial subsidy of candidates, which, of course keeps them out of the control of well-heeled backers. Under a complex formula, the law provides that in an average riding of 30,000 voters a party is limited to spending $7,500 and an individual to $15,000 There is no reimbursement to the party, but a candidate who spends the maximum in such a riding can get $2,000 back from the province To prevent nuisance candidates only those from the government or the official opposition, or those receiving at least 20% of the vote qualify for the subsidy The law not only kept any party from flooding the province with television propaganda, it also put poorer candidates on a roughly equal footing with their wealthier rivals, and thus helped both the Créditistes and Parti Québécois. The reforms were introduced in 1964 by the Lesage Liberals — who promptly lost the next election

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THE RESTLESS YOUNG: They're still tearing strips off Robert Bourassa



YOUTH of the Parti Quebecois — with Oui buttons on shapely bosoms — and politics all round for tavern drinkers

WHEN ROBERT BOURASSA came to fill them with sound Liberal economics, they tried to rip off his pants — long, lanky Bourassa, scissoring down the ancient halls of l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales in Montreal, barricading himself in the office of the dean of studies, then slipping out through a window to his car and safety. When Jean-Jacques Bertrand came to steady them with Union Nationale orthodoxy, they heckled him unmercifully — dignified, wily Bertrand, pulling up to the side entrance of a school in Jonquière to avoid the placards out front, pounding in vain on a locked door, then having to plow through the razzing protestors back to the main door and begin his speech to a rhythmic chorus of boos. When René Lévesque came to call them to independence, they cheered him to the echo — weary, rasp-voiced Lévesque, asking a Gaspé audience, "Do you want us to take our future in our own hands?," and 500 voices thundering, *"Oui!"*

They are the Cegepians. They, to a great extent, are the future of Quebec. The CEGEPs — Collèges d'Enseignement Général et Professionnel — are both a cause and result of the ferment boiling through Quebec. So far, there are 30 colleges — more are being added every year — with 48,000 students. They were formed, beginning in 1967, to provide a new level of tuition-free pre-university and technological education, to replace both the old, religion-dominated *collèges classiques* and the provincial patchwork of technical and vocational schools.

CEGEPs offer two kinds of training: two-year university-preparation courses, and two- or three-year technical and professional courses. The students are 17- to 19-year-olds: in a province where the voting age is 18, most of them are old enough to exercise the franchise, and the rest of them old enough to influence it.

They stormed aboard the Parti Québécois bandwagon — most estimates put the PQ vote in the CEGEPs at between 60% and 80% — because, to them, the Liberals are bourgeois, the Union Nationale decadent, the Creditistes comical and the NDP hopeless. Only the PQ, which shares their idealism, their enthusiasm, their naïveté, could speak to them. The Cegepians are radicalized both by inclination and circumstance; the inclination of young, intelligent people everywhere to look for new solutions, and the circumstance that, in Quebec, jobs are scarce. The 50,000 young people who will come out of the colleges and universities this month join a labor force that already has 206,000 unemployed, and where the jobless rate in the under-25 age group runs at 14%. Instead of the bright future they went to school to build, the Cegepians see a stagnant economy in which they will have to scramble for a living, an economy, moreover, dominated by *les autres* — the Americans and English Canadians — and run for their profit. Quebeckers were told they must reform their educational system to survive, they did so, and now the first products of that reform see themselves as merely a higher class of unemployed. An earlier generation might have said a prayer and passed on; this generation is through praying, and tired of passing on, they have set out instead to rebuild society closer to the heart's desire.

So they hurled themselves into the campaign, organized pep rallies, swarmed aboard buses to hand out tracts, tramped the streets, even invaded the Montreal pubs with *Opération Taverne*. They were everywhere, bright, good-looking youngsters sporting red or blue *"Oui"* buttons to emphasize the positive side of independence. (These *"Oui"* buttons, pinned to the shapely bosoms of female Cegepians, caused a certain amount of cheerful confusion at first.) They were like the Trudeau troops of 1968, or the McCarthy legions of the US presidential race, and, like those earlier groups, were less important for their numbers than their noise.

The tantalizing election result — so much strength and so little immediate effect — has only fed the restlessness of the Cegepians, before long, they know, they will be back on the streets, back in the campaign rooms, back on the buses. Next time, they mean to win. □

For the Parti Québécois, the chanted slogan "Le Québec aux Québécois," — Quebec for Quebeckers — nearly always roused even the most lethargic audience to enthusiasm. Nearly always. One place it didn't was in the working-class riding of Jean Talon in Quebec City, where Rene Levesque dropped into a local tavern and was calmly, almost coolly, received. His organizers began cheering and chanting "Le Québec aux Quebecois," but were silenced by a waiter, "La taverne aux buveurs," he told them. The politicians left soon after.

THE TROUBLED IMMIGRANT: the answer to separatist power is a loaded rifle

CABDRIVER BRANISLAU GOULA calls himself a Polack. He is 25, large, dark, and holds a brown belt in Judo. Goula came to Montreal 21 years ago and remembers, as a kid, fighting with French Canadians. He says scornfully, "If we were five against 15, they came after us, but if we were five against five, they were suddenly very friendly." If the Parti Québécois ever came to power, the first thing Goula would do would be to load his rifle. "There would be no place for Polacks here," he says. "You would have to defend yourself."

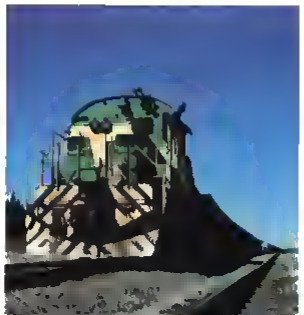
Publisher Nick Ciamarra calls himself a Canadian. He is 38, of medium height, and doesn't want to fight anybody. He came to Montreal from Italy when he was 20 and, after a long struggle, rose as a pillar of the Italian-Canadian community. He runs an Italian-language newspaper, owns a travel agency and is a member of the Montreal City Council. A longtime personal friend of René Lévesque, he was president of his riding association for four years while Lévesque was still a Liberal, but if the separatists ever win. "I will not hesitate to tell my people to leave Quebec. . . why should we stay?"

These two men, with



The man with a one track mind

Mike Babulic, Supervisor of Transportation, Thompson, Manitoba His most important responsibility keep those filled ore cars coming along Inco's railroad from the Soab and Pipe mines to the main Thompson plant To do it, Mike has at his disposal four powerful locomotives, 90 ore cars and seven train crews To be able to do it effectively, Mike took time out to work through a training program with the CNR Inco's 52 miles of railroad at Thompson together with Copper Cliff's 85 miles of track are vital links in the chain that stretches from the mines to the markets of the world that need more and more nickel



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widely different outlooks, represent one of the most serious problems left on the doorstep of post-election Quebec — the fundamental mistrust that cost Lévesque his seat in Laurier riding, there, the 26 5% immigrant population voted solidly against him and toppled him out of the National Assembly His loss, in a sense, was a racial loss

Lévesque did his best to woo the New Canadian vote, he had pamphlets translated, set up ethnic welcoming committees, even stumbled through a few words of Italian or Greek on suitable occasions But he failed, and he knew he would At a meeting in the Italian section of his riding — one of the few Lévesque meetings where empty chairs were plentiful — he admitted, "I may be wasting my time, but I feel I have to make the effort"

The immigrants simply didn't believe his assurance that there was a place for them in an independent Quebec "What he is preaching is nationalism," said Ciamarra, "and nationalism is always exclusive I have been through all that before, in Italy, with a guy named Mussolini I want no more of it"

Early in the campaign, Réal Caouette warned that, because of the Parti Québecois, "blood would flow," The party took him seriously; in Jean Talon riding, in Quebec City, PQ supporters organized a blood clinic for the Red Cross.

The catch is that in recoiling from the nationalism of the Parti Québécois, and the nationalist wing of the Union Nationale, New Canadians are drawn not only into the Liberal party, but into the English community The non-English population of Quebec stands today at about one million, and it is growing faster than the French population The 35,000-40,000 immigrants who enter the province each year turn to English, not French, as a new language There are a number of reasons for this English is still an important commercial language in Quebec; it promises mobility anywhere in North America, and it avoids the hostility new arrivals have traditionally found in the French milieu When Ciamarra first landed, he spoke Italian and French, but "To the French, I was Spaghetti, I was Wop, I was Mafia. The English were indifferent, but they weren't hostile I soon learned to speak English."

Bigotry is fading, but the scars remain, Italians are no more impressed by the new friendliness of the French than Quebec nationalists are by the sudden blossoming of bilingualism along the slopes of Westmount As a result, nearly 90% of the Italians in Montreal Catholic schools have entered the English stream, and, when parents in suburban St Léonard were at last given the right to choose the language of instruction for their children, 1,322 immigrant youngsters were added to the English school rolls, not one to the French

The implications are obvious As immigration continues to rise, and the French birth rate continues to fall — it is already below the Canadian average — Quebec will lose its French majority, the 200-year struggle for identity will be lost in the immigration sheds and bedrooms of the province The circle is vicious and closed Any government that seriously threatens the English option in schools will lose the New Canadian vote, any that doesn't may lose the entire province to the English In this equation, the solid ethnic vote for the Liberals holds little comfort for thoughtful Quebeckers of any party — or language □

Electoral lists always make rich reading; where else can you see someone officially described as "Office ass"? Ian Mayer of the Montreal Star spotted a "Freelance broad" on his city's lists, but she was merely a broadcaster cut short.

THE 'ANCIEN REGIME': how votes built a road from nowhere to nowhere



Fernand Lafontaine

THERE IS A ROAD in the riding of Labelle, near the village of Cbute - St - Philippe, which runs for 2 7 miles through the forest, from nowhere to nowhere It is a lovely road, wide and straight, well-graded and graveled, the locals call it *"le boulevard en pleine forêt"* — the boulevard in the middle of the woods Just across the Riviere du Lièvre runs a parallel paved highway, linked by a bridge at one end to the gravel road At its other end, the gravel joins a rutted, muddy, twisted country lane. There is one house along the boulevard, although I could find no signs of life in it, there are nine houses along the 2 5 miles of rutted country lane

The whole thing is a mystery Well, not entirely a mystery, when you understand that Labelle county is the provincial riding of Fernand-J Lafontaine, who was Quebec's Minister of Roads until April 29, and, by one of those happy coincidences that mark Union Nationale politics, chief organizer for the party in his province You should know, too, that the local Liberal organization counted the nine families along the rutted lane among its supporters.

Labelle is like that. There is another road, 12 miles long, which starts near the village of Val-Viger and marches resolutely through the forest to private tourist camps (When this road went through, a member of the Chamber of Commerce in nearby Ferme-Neuve wrote a letter to the local paper, applauding the action, and hoping piously that his area could have a job-building bonanza, too Shortly afterward, he claims, a Union Nationale official came to call on him, and told him not to meddle in such affairs) There is a third road near Ste-Anne-du-Lac, which runs for four miles through the woods, suddenly turns into a quagmire as it passes two farms — again, reputedly, occupied by Liberals — then picks up for another four miles of good road linking spruce tree to spruce tree These roads were built by local contractors, who seem to flourish on Labelle's rocky ground The impressive mansion of one of them rises in splendor at Val-Viger, within sight of the 12-mile road Much of the work done in the riding was performed *"en régie"* — that is, without benefit of public, tendered contract, but the Roads Department, regretfully, was unable to tell me how much was done this way over the past five years It has been estimated at more than two million dollars

Labelle riding is about 100 miles north of Ottawa, in the heart of western Quebec No, that's not right Labelle riding is about 30 years into the past, not far from Duplessis, in the heart of patronage The sitting member, Lafontaine, was re-elected on April 29, but his party was defeated, which means, hopefully, that Quebec has outgrown the kind of politics where roads are built with votes He took care of his county Lean, handsome, aristocratic - looking, Lafontaine is the archetypal Union Nationale man of the old school, not a man of the people, no, but a man the people may expect to take care of them He was born and brought up in Montreal, graduated as a civil engineer in 1946, worked for Imperial Oil, set up his own consulting firm, and slipped gracefully into politics in 1959 with a

ROAD continued

by-election victory in Labelle The province was still in the hands of the Liberals, then, and there was not much Lafontaine could do for his riding But with the change of government in 1966, he set straight to work

During the 1965-66 fiscal year, the county's road budget came to $1,573,777 60, 33rd in terms of spending among the provincial counties (in terms of population, with 30,200 people, it ranked 47th) Lafontaine was appointed Minister of Roads on June 16, 1966 In 1966-67, the county road bill went to $2,110,098 06, in 1967-68 to $4,338,381 30, and last year to $6,529,721 66, a 400% jump in three busy years No other county came close to Labelle last year, in fact, only three others got more than half as much

The riding's good fortune becomes even clearer by comparison with another county, Saguenay, which has more than three times the population, several times the area, and a regrettable tendency to vote Liberal In 1965-66, Saguenay's provincial roads bill was $3,787,-977 09 — more than twice Labelle's, by last year, it had slipped to $1 872,267 79 — less than one third the smaller county's Quebec spent $216 per capita on roads in Labelle last year, and $17 per capita in Saguenay

Although these figures are new, their implication has been understood for a long time At Mont-Laurier, the principal town, people simply smile and shrug when you ask about the roads; at Ferme-Neuve, a housewife told me, "We consider it a form of social assistance."

Lafontaine knows how to speak to the wallet At his first election meeting early in April, he told the folks "Many counties might wish to have the Minister of Roads in their county You have him, see that you keep him"

They kept Lafontaine in Labelle, but not his party in power What is good for Labelle, Quebeckers decided, is not necessarily good for the Province □

THE SHORT-HAIRS: in Créditiste-land, the spiritual cousins of Spiro Agnew

THE CROWD of 3,000 farmers, workers and shop clerks sent a shout of joy crashing against the rafters as Réal Caouette attacked *"les diplômés"* — all the smart guys with long degrees who'd brought Quebec to the brink of bankruptcy " The crowd in the cavernous Palais des Sports at St Georges de Beauce, in the poor but lovely country of southeast Quebec, stood up well to the charge that they, the little folk, were smarter than *"les diplômes"* The federal chief of the Ralliement Créditiste pummeled the air with voice and hands and then gave way to Camil Samson, the provincial leader, a larger, louder model of the same make He threw his fists as if his adversaries, the monsters who ran *"le système financier,"* were lurking out there in the cigarette smoke As he rumbled on, a middle-aged worker from Lac Mégantic undertook to explain Social Credit theory to me, but I waved him off, these people weren't here because of theory, I told him He agreed "They are the discontented, that's all But if they are not separatists, who can they vote for? Not the old parties when did those bastards ever do anything for us?"

Liberal leader Robert Bourassa's campaign book, "Bourassa Québec," was still fluttering off the presses when delighted Quebeckers began to play with the verb "bourrer" — to stuff. The golden gong for the best variation goes to the Sunday newspaper Québec Presse for: "On Va Te Bourreça, Quebec" — We're going to stuff you, Quebec.

A nice point, and one that helps explain the surge of Creditiste strength in rural Quebec on April 29 The Liberals, with their urban-oriented program, wouldn't do anything for these people and the Union Nationale, with its fumbling grip on the economy, couldn't Rejecting the radical taint of the Parti Québécois, they backed into the Créditiste camp These were *les mecontents*, the farmers whose homes are threatened, the workers whose jobs are disappearing, the middle-aged whose old ways are crumbling under the onslaught of a restless and, to them, overeducated youth On election day, the Creditistes gave them a chance to utter a thunderous "No" to all this *"C'est prouvé,"* ran the party slogan, *"rien à perdre avec les Créditistes"* (It's proven, you've nothing to lose with the Créditistes)

But discontent was only part of the story, or why should the Ralliement sweep northwest Quebec, where unemployment stands at 6.8% — lower than the provincial average — and fail dismally in Montreal, the discontent capital of the nation? Federalism was not the answer, after all. Camil Samson ran in 1966 under the separatist Ralliement National banner Essentially, the Créditiste phenomenon is a state of mind, a conservative rejection of modern bigness, modern complexity, modern youth (most of the young people at Créditiste rallies were with their parents, and wore their hair short) This state of mind is not so much Québécois as North American, in the U S , the spiritual cousins of the Créditistes support Spiro Agnew, reflect the same disdain for intellectuals and the same longing for simplistic solutions Only the language is different

What gives the party its special place in Quebec is a dedicated, hard-working, long-standing organization composed of people such as Mme Maxime Lord, of Rouyn, in the heart of Caouette country Mme Lord is a miner's wife, a slender, intense brunette and the president of the Créditiste committee for the four northwest ridings, three of which were won by the Ralliement on April 29 She has been a Social Credit supporter for 15 years, and reels off the doctrine like a litany, for her, it is religion Hunching forward on her chair in the Rouyn committee room, she demanded fiercely, "Why should Quebec be poor? We have the forests, the lakes, the mines When we have a Social Credit government, which knows how to run things, as in Alberta and B C , we will be poor no more " Since the 1950s, Mme Lord and others like her have been stuffing envelopes, knocking on doors, holding meetings They have tramped the back concessions, where farms stand abandoned in ever-increasing numbers, they have called with tracts at the union halls, where the talk is of mines closed down, and others bound to follow when the federal government withdraws its gold subsidy on December 31, they have visited the small, mortgaged homes along the grimy streets of a hundred tiny towns, and everywhere they have brought the same message Reform the monetary system, cut interest rates, put cash in the pockets of the people, and all will be well The message is received with a grain of salt, but it is received In the bar of the Hotel Albert in Rouyn, an out-of-work miner told me, "What they say may be a lot of crap, but what else is there?"

On election day, Créditiste votes came welling out of the hard ground of Quebec's hinterland, they were driven by discontent, but they were marshaled by an active group of party stalwarts It is easy to dismiss the Créditistes as a temporary aberration, but that overlooks both the broad base of conservative discontent and the dedication of such people as Mme Lord In one way or another, the Ralliement will remain a factor on the uncertain Quebec scene for a long time □

Quebec has not yet been silenced, but our province is now divided, sick and on the brink of civil war.

—Author Solange Chaput Rolland





You could find an Instant Cash Certificate for $2,500 or $25,000 in your next pack of Belvedere filters or new Belvedere true-taste menthols. But most people still say "I smoke them because I like them"



The man we commissioned to do the Tories' work for them — if they want it done

MARTIN GOLDFARB, a bouncy, gregarious 31-year-old Torontonian, describes the business he is in as "communications and marketing research and consulting." That's one of the few occasions he lapses into anything resembling the jargon of his profession — sociology. More often, Goldfarb goes around professionally telling people blunt facts in blunt language — as he tells (page 40) the Tories what they'll have to do and do fast if they want to make Robert Stanfield prime minister of Canada. If the Tories listen to him — well, that's up to them.

Goldfarb himself, like *Maclean's*, stands behind no particular political party. His business is facts and the interpretation of those facts, and he's very good at it. That's why organizations as diverse as Paul Hellyer's Task Force on Housing and Eaton's and Ford (not to mention the Senate Committee on the Mass Media) have hired Martin Goldfarb Consultants and his Montreal division, Dimension Consultants, to dig into a variety of situations for them. It's also why *Maclean's* sought out Goldfarb to conduct the research whose results appear on pages 38-40. Those results are based on a random sample of more than 1,000 Canadians in all provinces and in both languages, interviewed in depth, with their answers analyzed first by computer and then by Goldfarb himself.

This issue's study of Pierre Trudeau and Bob Stanfield is the first *Maclean's* Goldfarb Report. There'll be more of them. Penetrating analyses of public opinion are an important new tool of journalism: they provide a new dimension in reporting and interpretation. *Maclean's* intends to use that new dimension more and more in the future to report on and interpret Canada to Canadians.

We think we've found the right man for an important new job. □

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70 CANADA'S TOUGHEST ACROSTIC — NO. 3 *by Diana Filer*

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Repeat after me: I am not anti-American, I am not anti-American, I am not . . . (BELOW) Welfare's a right. Right? Well, listen, you poor slob, you just try to appeal a welfare ruling some time! (P. 16) The simple pleasures of bringing the president of a great university to heel (P. 22) And comments from some of the people who are filling our mailbag more (hurray!) every month (P. 27-31)



BY HARRY BRUCE

On hating the American people

I DISTRUST all mass passion. It scares me a bit, and I suppose that's one reason why my sense of nationalism has never really been worth much. Not at home anyway. I had to be at some peculiarly snotty gathering for academics in Mayfair, or nursing a rum-and-lime at some bar on the pink sands of an Antiguan beach, or standing around at a sweaty costume party in southern California, and some ignorant loose-mouthed foreigner had to give me the last word on exactly what was wrong with poor old Canada and then my voice would shake, the blood would come up behind my eyes somewhere, I'd consider the distance by fist to the loose mouth and *then*, only then, I'd realize not only that there may be an ugly capacity for violence in the Canadian character after all, but also that I really am a Canadian in the way that the French are French, the Greeks are Greek, and the Danes are Danish. And now? Well, Nancy Greene is fine, and The Band is just great, but as it happens it's been quite a long time since I've lived outside Canada and, therefore, nothing much has happened to arouse the tiny lion of my national pride or to remind me that there's something about belonging to this country that matters. Nothing much that is except for the strange and ferocious mail that's been pouring into my office at *Maclean's* for several weeks.

Maclean's had described *The Heartening Surge Of A New Canadian Nationalism* (Canada Report, February) and we'd said we wanted to fan nationalism's flames, and, though that appeared in the bleakness of late January, we are now into the fragrant mornings of the spring of 1970, and the mail continues to pile up. The last of the snow is fading in the shadows of the southern forests, the boats are back on the bay, men are rounding up their animals in the steamy foothills, the rivers are moving again, and great cloudy valleys of blossoms celebrate the fruit juice of the future. And yet we're *still* getting letters about January's flames of nationalism, and I can't help wondering: *Why doesn't everyone go fishing, or open up the cottage, or take off some clothes and stretch out on a hot beach, or make love behind a billboard, or something?*

Why are people still sitting down to scream at us on paper about the filthy depredations of those damn, damn *damn* Yankees? Why do people continue to insist that you and your stupid nationalism, *Maclean's*, you'll be the ruination of us all? Why are others nominating Walter Gordon as prime minister, labeling the Prime Minister we have as Mr. Sell-Out of the Seventies, urging Canada to send gunboats to the Arctic, recommending we grab off U.S. companies in the style made famous by Dr. Castro, and, on the other hand, ordering us all to please come to our senses, join hands with our American friends and march off together into the bloody sunset beyond the Pacific horizon? And finally, *Why can't we just take this whole crazy Canadian inheritance of history and determination and backwoods pride and unique dreams, and let it all go plop into that great mothering quicksand called the United States of America?*

And did you think for a moment that, in that last question, you detected the familiar odor of anti-Americanism? Impossible! I *am* an American, or next thing to it. My mother's mother was born in Boston, and I have a great aunt who lives in San Juan Capistrano. My father's father and my father's mother were Nova Scotians but, in the 1880s, they went to live in New England. Three of their four daughters were born there, and, if they'd stayed much longer, my own father would have been American by birth. I have an aunt in Detroit and an aunt in San Bernardino and, moreover, one of my great-grandmothers had seven sisters and, in the latter part of the 19th century, so many of them

continued

BRUCE continued

were heading south that by now, only God could trace the ancient blood relationships between me and perhaps hundreds of Americans I'll never meet, or even hear about. For all I know, some of them have died in Vietnam. Believe me, I do not hate Americans.

I won't recite the whole embarrassing catalogue of U.S. cultural influences on my boyhood. Every red-blooded Canadian boy knows them anyway. I'll just say that when I was a kid I knew in my heart that Syl Apps was not quite the man that Joe Louis was, that General Crerar was not quite the general that General Eisenhower was, that none of the girls on my street would ever be quite the girl that Judy Garland was, and that no Canadian born of woman could ever be quite so excellent as Randolph Scott. I was a grown man before I learned that Alexander Mackenzie beat Lewis and Clark to the Pacific.

In 1956-57, I won a scholarship to study at the London School of Economics. I was supposed to read stuff about government, economics, European history, and I did do some of that, but then, as the months passed and the year wore on, I drifted more and more frequently into the good little public libraries of London. They all had juicy stocks of American novels. I spent my evenings in the pubs and theatres of the best city in the world, but I spent my days in Theodore Dreiser, Thomas Wolfe, William Faulkner, Sinclair Lewis, John Steinbeck, Ernest Hemingway, Kay Boyle, Katherine Anne Porter, Shirley Jackson, Irwin Shaw, John Cheever, John O'Hara. It was a great year, and I guess I was not the first Canadian who had to go to England to find out how much of him was Yankee. It turned out to be quite a bit.

There's something else, and it has little to do with novels, with Randolph Scott, or even with memories and blood connections. It's a feeling that many Americans are fighting my battles for me, and I do not mean in Vietnam. There's the war, there's territorial ambition, there's civil rights, there's racial strife, continental pollution and, in all these crucial matters of U.S. government policy and conditions of life in America, I know that there are hundreds of thousands of Americans who not only agree with the judgments I make from my cold and comfortable distance, but also live with these conditions, and stay in the kitchen where the fire is hot and bring courage to a battle for the beliefs we share. I don't hate them.

Okay. So why am I telling all this to you, a perfect stranger? The answer is that a great many of the people who wrote to *Maclean's* about *The Heartening Surge Of A New Canadian Nationalism* got the nasty impression that the only flames the magazine was fanning were flames of hatred against Americans, and this was not the deliberate intention of the editors of *Maclean's*. The reaction of these readers suggested first, that a certain amount of blind anti-Americanism is so deeply a part of the Canadian character that a lot of people will jump to endorse it even when it has not expressed itself, and, second, that it is simply impossible for Canadians (including magazine writers and editors) to discuss their nationalism without allowing something that sounds an awful lot like anti-Americanism to creep into the talk. Moreover, some of the mail came from tolerant and obviously intelligent American people — people like my aunts and my cousins and in-laws — people who rather liked *Maclean's* but were bewildered and hurt by what the magazine had told them about the way many Canadians feel about the U.S.

And that's why I'm telling you all this. I just wanted to explain to somebody that you can hate what the United States of America is capable of doing to Canada without hating the American people. You can even feel that part of you is American, you can even love the American people, but this does not mean you enjoy their taking over your country and obliterating what you are. Jumbo may be adorable, it still hurts when he steps on your foot.

A few letter-writers chided us for promoting the ugly sort of nationalism that has caused so much of the violent agony of this century, and did we not know that Canada's only possible contribution to the preservation of mankind lay in a self-conscious sacrifice of our petty nationalistic passions to the cause of world government? But I cannot see that there is any grand cause that our disappearance as a nation could possibly help. What influence has Utah got in the corridors of world power?

There are other reasons why I do not want to see Canada become Utah, or even several Utahs. There are things about Canada that I like, and I want them preserved: one of these is our wilderness. There are things about Canada that I do not like, and I think that Canadians, if left alone, have a better chance of fixing them than anyone else: one of these things is our treatment of blacks, Indians, Eskimos and poor people. I am not keen on racial generalizations but there are certain qualities in the Canadian character that offer a sweet chance to build a graceful society: some of these are honesty, courtesy, tolerance of human variety and something that might be defined as a sense of decency. (I am something of a smug Canadian.) It sounds increasingly silly and archaic to talk about any country's having A Great Future but, at least, we may still have a chance to avoid the ugly and terribly irrevocable mistakes of other countries. We may just be the world's last best hope for kindness, vision and some sort of spirituality in the daily machinery of human affairs.

I mean, I don't hate Americans. It's just that their country is so massive that, without even trying, they'll give us a hard bump and we'll fall down. Or they'll suck us all up in their whirling industrial galaxy. Or we'll just disappear into that gargantuan amoeba. And we just won't *be* any more, and we will never have done any of the things that we might have done. □

continued on page 16

Notes on the national identity: or how to feed your fat face, Canadian-style

We are indebted to reader Elizabeth Golota, of Celista, BC, for the following quote from a book entitled *The Round The World Cook book*. It was first published in October 1954 by Doubleday and Company and it contains recipes gathered by Pan American World Airways with comments by Myra Waldo. Page 143 of *The Round-The-World Cookbook* reports that:

The basic items of Canadian diet are few and simple: potatoes homemade bread and maple syrup. Canadians are exceedingly fond of potatoes and they eat enormous quantities of them prepared in countless ways. Dainty thin slices of pale white bread would not be appreciated in this hardy country; instead there is a demand for large loaves of home-style bread, hot and delicious. Even city dwellers will not accept anything but the country style bread. The national sweet tooth inclines toward maple syrup and large amounts of it are used for sweetening practically everything. But there is much more to Canadian food: such specialties as the famous Canadian pea soup, the locally made cheeses and ales; tourtière (the national meat pie) and grand-pères (a maple syrup dessert). In the western part of the nation game such as venison, rabbit, bear, duck and geese plays an important part in the diet.

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Leif Eiriksson slept here,



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BY WALTER STEWART

Why can't the poor appeal those bum welfare rulings?

A WELFARE MOTHER in Vancouver asks the city for $105 a month in rent support, but a caseworker says she can have only $90; a child whose parents are on the public rolls in Hamilton, Ont., needs a hearing aid, but an administrator decides the expense is not essential; a needy family in Halifax want more money for food, but a welfare officer refuses to raise their monthly payment; an Indian in northern Saskatchewan complains that his public support has been cut from $200 to eight dollars a month because he joined the Red Power movement, but his complaints are ignored.

Should these people have the right to appeal? My own answer is Yes, of course, but that answer is not as simple as it appears. It goes to the whole question of whether welfare is a right or a privilege, whether it is a support we hand out to unfortunates to get them through a rough patch, or an essential ingredient of our society, a bank that any Canadian can call on, simply because he is a Canadian and poor.

If welfare is charity, then it can be given or withheld, partially given or partially withheld on the judgment of the donor — whether that donor is a Junior Leaguer with a bucket of soup or the state with a sheaf of cheques. Oh, there must be some degree of fairness in the distribution and rules to make sure the money isn't wasted, but all that can be left to the professionals. There is no need to involve the recipient. His role is to take what-

continued on page 19

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Harness racing draws crowds at The Meadows in Washington, Pa., Pocono Downs near the Wilkes-Barre-Scranton Airport, and at Liberty Bell near Philadelphia. The latter two tracks also feature flat racing.



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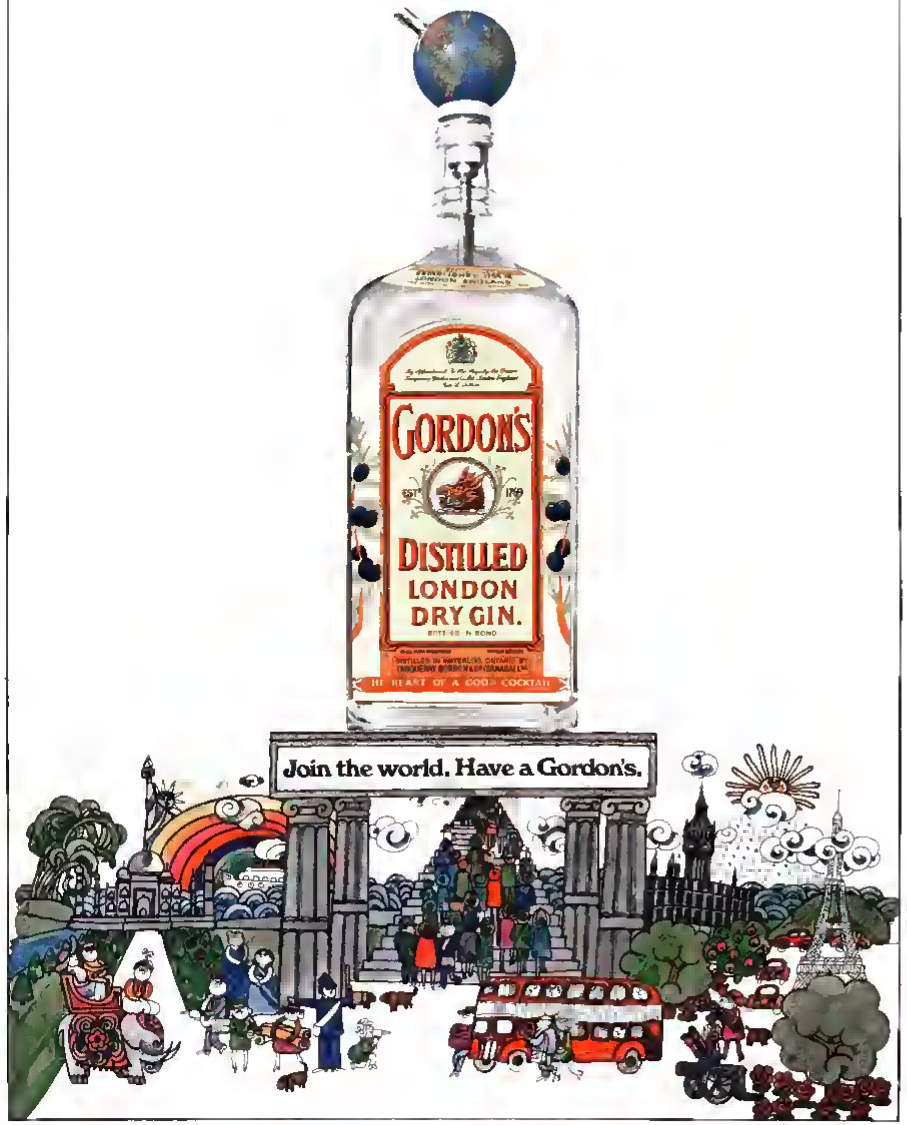
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ever he is given with good grace, and be glad, for him to argue that he has a right to more that he must be given housing and blankets and food and money simply because he is poor, is a monstrous perversion That's like the dogs in the Humane Society demanding better kennels

But if welfare is a right, then the ground rules change If I am a welfare client applying for support in a city where the maximum monthly assistance available is $308, and some caseworker decides I am only entitled to $250, he may be cheating me of $58 a month, and I must have some way to appeal from him More than that, I must be told I can appeal, and helped to do so, or my right is useless. He is no more entitled to deprive me because I am poor, than he would be entitled to grab off E P Taylor's old-age pension, because E P is rich

In any reasonably civilized society, welfare must be a right The alternative is to accept two classes of people those who are entitled to adequate food and shelter because they can pay for them, and those who may be allowed to freeze and starve because they cannot pay (or some middle ground, in which it is possible for them to freeze and starve a little, because they can pay a little) The notion of the deserving poor — as opposed to those undeserving bums who do not really feel the pangs of hunger, whose children do not really mind the cold — has long since been discarded At least it's been discarded in theory

In practice in Canada, we treat welfare as a right in principle, but a privilege in fact we provide the machinery for recipients to appeal the decisions that govern their lives, but we do our damnedest to keep them from finding out about the machinery, or using it When the Canada Assistance Plan was passed in 1966, the provinces were required to set up appeal procedures before they could qualify for federal grants (theory), however, getting the appeal boards established in provinces where they did not already exist proved slow and difficult (fact)

In Ontario, for instance, no Board of Review was formed until 1969, and it was the studied policy of the Department of Social and Family Services not to let the poor folks know about it Any welfare client who wanted to appeal the treatment meted out to him was required to apply on a "Form 6," but he was not told this, and no supply of the forms was ever distributed to welfare administrators He couldn't appeal, even if he somehow found out about the procedure The issue was forced last spring when the NDP filibustered the department's supply vote, demanding an assurance from the minister, John Yaremko, that applicants would be informed of their right to appeal Yaremko refused to give the assurance, for which he was asked 78 times over the four-day filibuster Finally, Premier John Robarts spoke to Yaremko privately, the assurance was given, and the vote passed By this time, the appeal board had lumbered into motion and opened hearings in Peterborough, in one of its first cases, it rejected an appeal to help buy batteries for a child's hearing aid on the ground that such a purchase was beyond the board's jurisdiction

Even where appeal boards have existed for some time they are not widely used Manitoba has had a board in operation since 1961 and, up until mid-1969, it had heard only 105 cases and allowed 33 appeals Considering the thousands of welfare decisions made every year in Manitoba, decisions directly affecting the way people live, where they sleep, how they eat, this record suggests either that the appeal procedure is little known or that the province's social workers have a penchant for infallibility that should make them the envy of popes and baseball umpires

Anyone who has ever watched social workers knows they are as fallible as the rest of us I once saw a welfare officer in the Arctic lop an Eskimo off the rolls on the ground that he was 'a lazy so-and-so and a little starving will do him good." There must be a check on this kind of abuse of power even if that check turns out to be a nuisance, and, if the experience of other nations is anything to go by, it would indeed be a nuisance In England, where welfare appeals are widely used, Tony Lynes of the Child Poverty Action Group became an advocate for poor people appealing supplementary benefit awards, and won 91 5% of his cases Clearly, Lynes is a powerful advocate, clearly, too a system whose decisions can be upset nine times out of 10 on further reflection needs to be confronted by powerful advocates

We need a Tony Lynes in Canada We need a lot of them We need to learn that welfare is a right, not a charity that social workers are not gods, but mediators whose writs are subject to appeal like other mediators' To make this kind of change will be expensive and, for many welfare administrators, unsettling Not to make it, to continue with the pious hypocrisy of today to ignore the rising expectation and the gathering wrath of our slums and ghettos, may be even more expensive, and a good deal more unsettling for all of us □

continued on page 22

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The Mutual Life
ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
1870—Our Centennial Year—1970



BY BOB BOSSIN/Our token radical

My first real honest-to-God big-time campus sit-in. We win!

IT IS TWO in the morning. I am eating a peanut-butter-and-jam sandwich at the large felt-covered conference table in the middle of the University of Toronto Senate Chamber and I feel like king of the world. As I type — I have no idea where the typewriter came from — I am facing the large dark-stained, oak doors, left open for the first time ever. Around the entrance there are fake wooden pillars in some Greek style whose name I learned and forgot in high school. Above the doorway is the Ontario coat of arms in gold leaf. Ordinarily, that is all. But today there is also a cardboard sign saying THIS UNIVERSITY BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE. DIG IT. And hanging just below the Ontario crest is a beautiful round, fat, red balloon.

We are sitting in. Two hundred of us. To be completely honest, I have been waiting for this for four years. I've been at rallies, teach-ins and vigils. I've marched, I've picketed. But until today I had never been part of an occupation. It's like making the play-offs.

Actually, this is my second sit-in. The first was for a couple of hours one winter afternoon on the porch of the old house used as the university's job-recruitment centre. Dow Chemical was there that day. It had the U.S. government napalm contract, and we wanted to make ourselves as much of a nuisance as possible. I spoke about the issue in more sophisticated terms then, but that is what it boiled down to.

That was three and a half years ago, and I stood for a long time on the sidewalk in front of the building, wrestling with my angels, trying to decide where I should be. I tossed around the nature of free speech, even for munitions manufacturers, and tried to weigh that against Canada's getting rich off American interference in some little Asian country. I could not even place on a map. I thought about how T. S. Eliot had Becket realize that action is suffering and suffering is action, thought about what napalm actually did, about Thomas More's *qui tacit consentire*, about Nuremberg and finally about Mario Savio, the original Berkeley radical, who shouted from the steps of their administration building, "There comes a time when the workings of the machine become so stinking and so odious that you have to throw yourself on the wheels." I guess that was the day I lost my political virginity.

The Dow man stayed barricaded in until suppertime, while we sat in the cold listening to speeches. Then the university agreed to set up a committee on the question and we went home. Three and a half years later, Dow, Hawker Siddeley, Honeywell and De Havilland are still on campus and Canada makes more money than ever out of Vietnam. For all I know, the committee is still sitting. I have served on a dozen such committees and half a dozen student councils. The result has been about the same. Committees don't stop arms sales. "Love" does not reform the school system and rational dialogue does not get day-care centres set up.

THAT IS THE ISSUE here tonight: day care for 22 babies of university students, junior faculty and workers. In the autumn a group of parents and Women's Liberation people decided to set up a centre for children under three. They wanted to free some of the mothers' time for study or work. They planned to run the nursery co-operatively, with parents and friends serving as volunteers. This they argued, would not only be cheap but would also benefit the kids themselves. If they were brought up with other children and adults they could become less possessive and less dependent than if their first years were spent only among immediate family. All that was needed was a house for such a centre.

The university gave its moral support but demurred on the house. Crown Trust, rental agents for the university, said none were available. Then one mother, while walking through the campus, found an empty house. The trust company said the wiring was defective. Someone found out the house had been rewired two years before. The trust company said that the house might be torn down in the spring. The day-care people asked for it in the meantime. The trust company said it would take time to work out a lease. Fed up, the parents entered the house through an open back door and began to repaint. Faced with the *fait accompli*, the university allowed them to stay. Four days later the day-care centre opened.

There were a few intimations of eviction, but no real crisis — until the city demanded $2,000 worth of renovations. The nursery was charging $30 per month per child. At this point, the university put down its financial foot. A vice-president wrote, "The university does not have funds available to provide day-care facilities and it is not considered that this is the responsibility of the university."

A special issue of the campus newspaper had to be put out to handle the letters of protest from faculty, caretakers, students and clergymen. The student council complained. No result. Nothing. Finally, the day care centre called a mini-march to the administration building to ask university president Claude Bissell to find the $2,000 somewhere in the university's $100-million budget.

We arrived at lunchtime, but it was sunny and no one minded waiting. Word arrived that the president was in and that he would speak to a delegation in his office, but not to the whole mob outside. There was a slight scuffle at the doors with campus po-

continued on page 25

Return round for The Man

In reply to the complaints about police violence by Bob Bossin in his March column, Cops Karate Hate Revolution And All Like That **(In Our View — And Yours), I would like to say that people who do their level best to annoy, insult and otherwise harass The Man [a police constable] and the culture he represents shouldn't whine when The Man and the culture demand a round or so in return. (I mean, If you're big enough to think of all those cute sayings, you're really big enough to answer for them, too. You know?)**

MRS. L. FULTON, DELTA, QC



Get up and go places with a



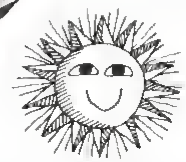
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BOSSIN continued

lice, who thought a 200-person delegation was somewhat large. The president did not invite us in, so we decided to wait just down the hall. In the Senate Chamber.

AT 5.30 P.M. President Bissell came in through the oak doors. Someone handed him a bullhorn. He said he was setting up a committee. Everyone laughed, including him, so he said, "I see you have more enthusiasm than I have for committees." Nobody laughed, and he looked nervous and quickly finished his statement. "The university has shown its interest in and support for the day care centre by making a building available." Various smart-ass comments from around the room. "However, the university is not yet prepared to accept long-term responsibility for a day-care centre on campus until such time as there has been a resolution of the nature and extent of its social-welfare responsibilities and their relative priority in an increasingly constricted budget." He looked very agitated, and said he would not negotiate under force. He asked that the occupation cease. Then he turned and left, still carrying the bullhorn. Someone shouted, "Stop, thief." One of the campus police brought back the bullhorn. Everybody cheered. Nobody left.

Actually, Bissell had hit on the true issue: the university—or at least the university administration, is not sure whether or not it is responsible for the social welfare of its members. We are sure. It is responsible, just as International Nickel is responsible for pollution in Sudbury, or Dow Chemical for the napalm dropped on Vietnam. It is time schools stopped pretending that the head can be separated from the rest of the body, and that the conscience does not start to operate until 5 p.m. Not just schools. A set of marketable skills does not get on the bus in the morning and go to work; a person does. International Nickel should be funding day-care centres as well. Not because the latest findings in managerial psychology suggest it, but because it is right. But that means spending money, and that means a fight.

President Bissell, standing in the archway of the Senate Chamber in his grey suit, speaking into the bullhorn, also reminded me of another point of conflict. It is not really an *issue*. I don't know exactly what to call it, other than a different way of doing things. At this moment in one corner of the room people are studying. Beside them, some children are asleep. A sign has gone up saying: FOOD COMMITTEE. WHAT ABOUT BREAKFAST?

continued on page 26



Next week we'll be in our new house.

A moving experience in any woman's life: it's a time filled with nostalgic reminiscing. But there's comfort in the knowledge that the move can be as easy-going as a trip to the cottage—excitement in the anticipation of settling happily into the new home.

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The thoughtful people.

CHOICE OF 2 OUT OF 3 CANADIANS ON THE MOVE



ALLIED VAN LINES

It hurts to go to bed hungry



Should children like Margaret, who was found unconscious in a back lane of Calcutta, suffer the pangs of hunger and keep on suffering? Her mother had died the day before in childbirth.

For over 30 years Christian Children's Fund has been providing homes, food, clothing, medical care, schooling for these little victims of neglect, war and poverty. Applications to CCF homes are unending on behalf of helpless and abandoned girls and boys. After being admitted and cleaned up and fed they become as lovely and bright as children in any of our own homes. Many Canadians have had the privilege of visiting with their adoptee children in other countries.

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I will pay $12 a month ($144 a year)

Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐ first month ☐

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☐ Please send me more information

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BOSSIN continued

Someone reads out the Toronto *Star* editorial calling us silly ("It's as if Lenin, while storming the Czarist ramparts, had proclaimed that the purpose of the revolution was to provide all-day suckers for underprivileged kids") People are singing, smoking pot, sleeping and sharing sandwiches with the campus police Everywhere there are discussions and arguments The place is alive

For all the confusion, we have conducted our business — security food cleaning, planning negotiations with the administration — without banging a gavel or invoking *Roberts' Rules Of Order* Our decisions are democratic and, even stranger, they are fun to make There is more learning going on here than in a month, or maybe even a year, of classes Five years of high-school classes And most fantastic of all strangers are looking one another right in the eye and smiling Anarchy, I think, has been definitely underrated

IT IS THE next day, 3 p m Same typewriter, same table, but the felt cover has been removed to shake off the sandwich crumbs There are about 20 demonstrators left, sweeping, vacuuming and taking down posters There is a small debate about the red balloon One guy wants it to stay, but another says the janitors would get hell, and since we put it up we should take it down Less than an hour ago, President Bissell came back and promised the $2,000 The rest of his statement was drowned out in cries of "We won," accompanied by waving fists, V-signs and general embracing Victory doesn't come all that often when you take seriously that you are one three-billionth responsible for the state of the world I am ,very tired but, as I said last night, I feel like king of the world □

For the record



Dear Sir:
The Dr. Nelson P. Grant Chapter I O D.E. would like to go on record as feeling the caricature of Queen Elizabath II in your February issue was in poor taste
MRS. V. L. GRAHAM, SECRETARY, WOODSTOCK, NB

LETTERS

That's Joey

My congratulations to Ian Adams for his portrayal of Joey Smallwood and for the adroit and succinct manner in which Adams created his quick sketch *(The Emperor's Last Stand A Portrait Of Joey Smallwood Today)*. We may say without hesitation, "Yes that's him — you've caught him!" — D MILNER EDMONTON

* I am sure Joey Smallwood is a difficult man to talk to but Adams did a good job. I personally have never cared too much for Smallwood, but some of his friends worry me more They leave much to be desired More reporting of this kind may be the answer
MRS E G JONES, WINNIPEG

A word to women: organize

Re *How Women In Power Keep Other Women Powerless* To help women achieve equal rights and equality of opportunity we need money To get it, the most realistic course would be to start a Women's Union Membership fees could bring in as much as a million dollars a month The money could be used to finance the campaigns of women running for parliament to set up day care centres, so that those who wish to work can do so to provide either grants or loans to women who wish to train or retrain in any job or profession of their choice and to supply loans to women who wish to start a business
MRS MARYROSE C CLARK VICTORIA

* I have been working successfully in a "man's world" for many years and enjoying every minute of it I am a happy, contented woman I like this world I live and work in
MRS SHEILA B WHITE, WOLFVILLE, NS

* I am one of Margaret Daly's oddballs who become hysterical at the idea of picketing beauty pageants or burning bras Did she ever stop to think that the reason why so many women don't support "Women's Liberation" is simply because they don't want to be or feel the need to be liberated? The only women who really make it difficult for women to be seriously considered for top jobs are those who having attained prominence behave in such a way as to strengthen the claim that women are too unstable too emotional to be successful at the top Many such women show an inverted sexism by trying to prove they are "one of the boys," and end up by outdoing the boys
MISS M F INGRAM OTTAWA

* Finally the long-awaited exposure has appeared What was said has needed to be said for many years. I find the kind of woman Margaret Daly criticizes to be a particularly selfish heartless type with little sympathy or understanding for her sisters. She is used by men to further their own cause and, in most cases, she knows it It is high time to reveal her inadequacy — RUTH PRICE TORONTO

* A more appropriate title would have been *How Men In Power Keep Women Powerless*. I agree that women are victims of sexism and only when women stand together will this help to alter the attitude Just the same men have a responsibility in this respect as well It is a two way street To blame successful women in a "man's world" is terribly unjust Margaret Daly gives society an other excuse to partially close the slowly opening door against women having and receiving equal opportunity She's doing exactly what she says the 'successful women' are doing
MRS E F SWINTON, WEST VANCOUVER

* Let's face facts power and equal rights are like oil and water — they don't mix, in any form Thank goodness men and women do
ALAN MOFFATT, SURREY, BC

All about us

The Orillia *Packet and Times* described perfectly my impression of *Maclean's*, and should be considered more seriously than is indicated by your rebuttal. *Articles Wanted Effete Magazine Desires Chisel Hours* (In Our View—And Yours, March) I suggest *Maclean's* stop trying to tell us it's the leader and start doing something about becoming a leader
D A PETERSON, EDMONTON

* How sweetly serendipitous for all of you at *Maclean's* that March's Volume 83 Number 3 should be the issue to print the Orillia *Packet and Times*'s bass bray for cojones in your journalism If Vol 83 No 3 had had *more* seminal quality 481 University Avenue would have been raided by the Satyriasis Squad All those matted chests around the *Packet and Times* office by now have had the experience of reading 83 3 with mounting — all right then Orillia — tumescent delight Hang on to 83 3 *Packet and Times*men it may be a watershed — a Canadian journalistic watershed as virile as Stephen Leacock
STAN GIBSON OKOTOKS, ALTA



Margaret Daly: "I needed to be said"

continued on page 28

THE MYSTERY LOOK FOR 1970



Your age can be a lovely mystery with 2nd Debut — the Mystery Look for 1970 — on the face of the woman whose age is her own private affair It's the new "Young Look" that makes people think "how very attractive" instead of how old you are and there is plenty of fashion to wear with it. You, too, can have this look in the time it takes to smooth on 2nd Debut at bedtime and again in the morning. You notice the difference quickly — that's because 2nd Debut has that "magical" Cellular Expansion Factor (C E F) which treats sagging skin cells to reviving youth-giving moisture. Helps your skin shed tiny age lines and dispel that awful dryness

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LETTERS continued

* AMAZING HOW A CANADIAN MAGAZINE CAN LOOK THAT GOOD AND READ BETTER WHEN EVERYONE SUGGESTS IT IS IMPOSSIBLE. — SAM KOFFMAN, OTTAWA

* It was instructive to note that Walter Stewart's timely article on Canada's involvement in the Vietnam butchery (In Our View — And Yours, March) was placed directly opposite a full-page advertisement for the Greek National Tourist Office. How's that for editorial impartiality! — JOHN L. WATSON, TORONTO

* I was born in Canada and I have lived happily in the U.S. for many years. I still bristle at criticism of Canada — just as I am highly indignant at the "Hate America" articles in several current issues of *Maclean's*. Heaven bears witness that the vast majority of Americans loathe our involvement in the war in Vietnam. But please place the blame where it belongs — on a misguided president who got us into this mess and the other who increased that involvement. If some of our soldiers have been cruel and vicious, let's name them, too. Let's not refer to the whole of this country as "butchers". Please stop generalizing and indicting a whole nation.
MRS. ROY M. WARNE, TUCSON, ARIZONA

Mrs. Warne's point is well taken. For an answer — and a better idea about how Maclean's really feels about the U.S. and Americans — see page 13. — Ed.

Notes on the need for Nader

Re your April Canada Report *Q. Who Needs Ralph Nader? A. Canada.* Hats off to Pollution Probe for making the public aware of what's happening to our environment. But we can all be in error, as Pollution Probe has been in listing in its mailing piece three presoaks [for stain removal] in its heavy-duty detergent listing. No one would wash their clothes in Amway Trizyme, Bio Ad or Amaze, any more than they would in liquid bleach.
F. BAYNE, TORONTO

Maclean's also erred in describing Amway Trizyme a presoak as a detergent. Amway's claim that it won't contribute to detergent pollution of water supplies applies to Amway SA 8, a detergent. See below.

* You say Amway detergent heads the list in pollution-creating phosphate content. I use Amway because I am antipollution. When I used Tide, I used 1½ cups for a wash. I use one quarter of a cup of Amway detergent. If Amway has a phosphate content of 36 but I use only one sixth as much as of other detergents, Amway then is at the bottom of the pollution list.
MRS. MARY SIMS, TORONTO

Reports editor Courtney Tower replies: We checked Amway out and Mrs. Sims's arithmetic isn't as simple as it appears. Pollution Probe's phosphate-content listings were determined by weight not by volume. Amway SA 8 is a denser, more concentrated detergent than say Fab, which has the same phosphate content, 36.5%. A quarter of a cup of Amway SA 8 is not one quarter the weight of a cup of Fab, but about two-thirds the weight. So by using less Amway than another product one does get some improvement, but nowhere near the lower phosphate level Mrs. Sims believes she has reached.

* You report on Canada's first Consumer Supply Depot, in Ottawa. Please advise me where I might obtain information on how to set up a similar operation in our area. — C. O. PAUL, KELOWNA, BC

Write to Ralph Staples, United Co-operatives of Ontario, 35 Oak Street, Weston, Ontario. He started the Ottawa depot, knows the pitfalls and generously offers to tell you who in your area you should see.

Sorry, Judy

I was astonished by a reference made to me by Douglas Marshall in his article *But Patrick, What's Wrong With Saying (*#—!) On The Air?* (Reviews, April). The incident referred to is made up entirely of whole cloth. During the year in which we prepared tapes of the Ombudsman show [for CJOH-TV, Ottawa], at no time was any program ever interrupted by my departure nor anyone else's. Contrary to the article, each one of the grievance cases was very well researched in advance. At no time have I ever yelled, "yelled 'Cut!'" "stormed out of the studio" "stormed out of the studio screaming."
JUDY LAMARSH, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Douglas Marshall replies: "I heard the story of the incident from a source I considered impeccable. Evidently I was misinformed. The trouble with being a personality as lively and as colorful as Miss LaMarsh is that observers too often recollect what they wish she had done rather than what she did. I apologize for having fallen into this easy trap."

* HAVE JUST READ DOUG MARSHALL'S COLUMN. EXCEPT FOR THE SPELLING, VERY LITTLE OF THE ARTICLE IS ACCURATE. I HAVE NEVER MET MARSHALL NOR SEEN HIM ON THE STATION, BUT I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO IT. — ROY FAIRISH, EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT, BUSHNELL COMMUNICATIONS LTD., OTTAWA

* Marshall's postmortem on the Watson LaPierre situation has all been said before. This overstated uneasiness in the Bushnell camp will, I feel, in no way hinder Bushnell Communications' present expansion program. However, I must echo Marshall's criticism on the present situation of children's programming in Canada. I am the producer of *Simon Alec*, and I feel this show is CJOH's first conscientious effort toward the idea of "good" children's programming.
ALI C. BRIDGE, OTTAWA

* Douglas Marshall's article *TV Is Not Bad For Kids — But It Could Be Even Better* was excellent. It is encouraging that, finally, an imaginative children's show such as *Sesame Street* is available.
MRS. CAROL BEDARD, OTTAWA

And happily it will be available on the CBC in 11 a.m., five days a week, starting in October.

* My 2½ year-old son has been enthralled by the show and my husband and I seem to find plenty of excuses to keep him company while it is on. I was pleased to see *Rumpel Room* publicly put down. I saw the show and was appalled by its joylessness.
MRS. JEAN CLAYTON, SARNIA, ONT.

* Marshall condemns mothers who deny TV to their preschoolers, yet he admits that there is not much worth watching. Does he really think there is nothing wrong with letting a child watch "artless drivel"? I can't think of anything more dulling to the mind. So until the CBC produces more educational and interesting programs (without commercials, please) I will continue to restrict TV viewing and not feel the least bit guilty.
MRS. JUDY DUNCAN, BURLINGTON, ONT.

Pollution

Re *The People vs. Pollution* (Canada Report, January). The statement concerning pollution by the mines at Yellowknife



Reporter Courtney Tower: Will the right

and the inaction by town authorities to bring pressure to correct it is utterly untrue. Both mines now working in the immediate area of Yellowknife spent considerable sums of money installing the most modern cleaning and scrubbing plants to remove arsenic from roaster fumes as long as 10 years ago. Samples of runoff are taken in 20 or more locations daily and have never shown an arsenic content remotely approaching a danger point. — NORMAN W. BYRNE, PRESIDENT, NWT CHAMBER OF MINES, YELLOWKNIFE

Reports editor Courtney Tower replies:

Mr. Byrne might ask himself why then Yellowknife had to move the source of water supply. Or he might look any day at the film of refuse from the mines that covers trees, grass and water. Or look at the lake signs which tell you not to swim in the water (left).

* Not all the citizens of Prince Rupert are as complacent about pollution as Dr. R. G. Large (Letters, March). In the past six weeks more than 100 have joined a newly formed branch of the Society For Pollution And Environmental Control. — MRS. BETTY GIDLOF, SECRETARY, SPEC, PRINCE RUPERT, BC

* As a food chemist, I fully support Dr. D. A. Chant's abhorrence of all types of pollution (Letters, March). However, as the owner of one of the modern Prince Rupert, BC, fish-processing plants I wish to inform you that, contrary to Dr. Chant, none of the plants here dumped fish waste in this harbor in 1969. — ARTHUR GALLAUGHER, PRESIDENT, ROYAL FISHERIES LTD., PRINCE RUPERT, BC

* A federal health officer says the government doesn't know what to do with the thousands of gallons of DDT that must be disposed of. Here's the answer: put them down all the sealed-off oil wells across the country.
WALTER DAVIS, NELSON, BC

continued on page 30

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Is nationalism necessary?

Your February Canada Report, *The Heartening Surge Of A New Canadian Nationalism*, frightens me. I have just returned from an extended trip through Europe, Africa and the Middle East. Canada is known abroad as a small but peaceful country. Shouldn't we use this sought after freedom not as a base for new nationalism but as a place to start a coupling of a stronger national identity with world service in promotion of world peace and brotherhood?
MICHAEL R. SHUTE, HAMILTON, ONT.

* Still slightly homesick for my native Canada even after 20 years of American residence, I avidly read your Report. Here Canada is a subject infrequently mentioned, and the growing desire of Canadians to be independent and self-governing couldn't elicit less sympathy. "Then why aren't they? Why do they take American money? Why watch American TV?" It would appear that Walter Gordon told it as it is when he wrote: "If Canadians are not ready to stand up for their rights nobody else is!" They'll certainly get no sympathy or help from aggressive, non-interested Americans.
DORIS A. WARD, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

* Your Report doesn't contain anything new. It is the same old negative approach expressed by artist Greg Curnoe, of London, Ont.: "It's because I don't want to be an American." This appears to be the gist of Canadian nationalism to date. Not wanting to be an American is all very fine, but we must be more positive; we must *want* to be CANADIAN. — IRMA E. PATTISON, TORONTO

* The furor over foreign ownership needs better perspective than given by Messrs. Gordon, Moore and Parker, or we could wind up cutting off our national nose to spite our national face. Despite Walter Gordon's assumptions, foreign capital is needed for our development. The Liberal Party rightfully repudiated Gordon and his policies. The take-over of small companies isn't only endemic to Canada. The conglomerates are gobbling them up all over the world. John Moore hails Canadian industrial nationalism from the strength of his presidency of Biascan? It's fine for Canadians to invest in Brazil, but we must drive out the dirty foreign investors from Canada! Robert Parker's demand for control is right but his method is unrealistic. Multinational corporations operate from the great centres of the world; they're not about to move their head offices and chief executives to Canada at our behest. We'd wind up with them buying out opposition and our having to import instead of having the goods manufactured here.
L. J. WILSON, LINDELL BEACH, BC

* The emergence of a new Canadian nationalism is an interesting development. After vacillating between being a British and an American satellite, this is long overdue. Three important, immediate actions that Canada can take include: (1) the development of the Canadian Development Corporation into a truly competitive force challenging present entrenched capital (nationalization *per se* of industries does nothing but change ownership — often with a loss of existing markets); (2) by open international solicitation, reverse the brain and capital drain, which has severely hampered Canada in the past; and (3) truly become the melting pot of the world of the 20th century. — WALTER J. EURCHUK, BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON

Liberals: their good side

When Keith Knowlton says that liberals are arrogant, thin skinned and dogmatic enemies of free speech (In Our View — And Yours, April) it sounds as if he were enumerating their good points. Here in the United States the liberals either looked the other way or actively assisted the presidents who took us into the Vietnam War. — HENRY R. KORMAN, LONGVIEW, WASHINGTON

The inflation mythology

Re Prof. Rosalind Blauer's article on the mythology of inflation, *What's So Terrible About Inflation?* What concerns me is that a whole generation of Canadian university students is being taught the myths she describes. The dangerous mythology is being perpetuated among the people who will make up the influential and educated classes of the future. — LINDA BOHNEN, TORONTO

* The Blauer article was good. I agree with what it said. I wish Finance Minister Benson did. We do not suffer from too much money, we suffer from too little. We suffer from too costly credit. Full employment is essential to a healthy economy. Fast circulation of money is necessary. Surpluses are wasteful. Spending is the only logical way of saving.
R. J. LATTIMER, UCLUELET, BC

* Prof. Blauer gave us a lopsided view on the causes and effects of inflation. I cannot help questioning her sense for scientific objectivity when she quotes a couple of sentences from one of the reports of the Economic Council of Canada, which seem fit for her to draw far-fetched conclusions from, but does not mention that the same body recommended in a previous report that "the average annual increase in consumer prices and in prices of all goods and services produced in Canada should be contained within the limits of 1.4% and 2.0% respectively." Her recommendation, to keep inflation alive, is obviously dangerous. — EUGENE BERNATSKY, WINNIPEG

* Rosalind Blauer implies that, if Canada adopted a flexible exchange rate system, inflation in Canada would be offset by a depreciating exchange rate, and thus the Canadian trade balance would not be affected. In other words, inflation would never give rise to problems in Canada's external or foreign trade balance. But no exchange system, fixed or flexible, can work satisfactorily with continuous inflation in any one country.
WILLIAM MARR, LONDON, ONT.

* The real cause of inflation and its ills is the lack of buying power in the hands of the consumers. The Trudeau-Benson method of creating unemployment to curtail our economy cannot succeed. It is undemocratic and contrary to all laws of decency to deprive people of the necessities of life on the pretext that it is for their own good.
J. M. GAGNON, PORT ALBERNI, BC

* Prof. Blauer's article is truthful, clear and precise. Perhaps our Liberal government intends to save the forest by killing the trees.
FRED C. VAN DER REE, NORTH SURREY, BC



Hair: innocence and wisdom of the ages

Here, here for 'Hair'

Re *What Hair Is Doing To A Bunch Of Otherwise Ordinary Canadian Kids*. My husband is a Presbyterian minister. We do not smoke (anything), drink or swear. We thoroughly enjoyed *Hair*. We hadn't expected to. The whole performance combined the innocence of childhood with the wisdom of the ages. It gave us a fresh outlook on life. We came out feeling happier than we had in years. — GLENNA WILL, CLAREMONT, ONT.

* The U.S. draft, Vietnam and pollution are not the real threats to Canadians. Drugs, permissiveness and degeneration will surely destroy us.
GORDON A. CLARK, MEDICINE HAT, ALTA.

You're all wet, Stewart

Judging by the figures he quotes in his article, *Water: The Seldom That Could Spell The End Of Canada*, it would appear that Walter Stewart thinks that the U.S. has already taken us over, for he gives the cubical contents of an acre-foot in U.S. units, which have no legal basis here. He states that an acre-foot of water contains approximately 326,000 gallons. That would be in wine gallons (U.S.). The cubical contents of an acre-foot are 271,322 Imperial gallons (British) or 325,851 wine gallons (U.S.).
T. H. MILNE, GUELPH, ONT.

Staff writer Walter Stewart has been reprimanded and forced to make the following confession: "I used a U.S. encyclopedia. Oh, fudge."

If we must have snoopers . . .

I am appalled by the power that credit-spies have to pass judgment on a person's life (*The Credit-Spy Can Ruin You*, Canada Report, March). If this snooping is really necessary, it should be done by a government agency or under the strictest governmental supervision. A person who had been wronged would then have some hope of redress — and the information would be more accurate.
DAVID THOMSON, EDMONTON

* Courtney Tower managed to convey a completely misleading impression. Members of the Credit Granters' Association of Canada obtain credit information from their local credit bureau and are primarily interested in facts relating to the credit-applicant's record of paying habits and ability to repay. Such a record is created by the individual himself by the manner in which he discharges his obligations. Tower seems to feel everyone should have a divine right to get credit whenever he wants it, with no questions asked. Fortunately for the cost of goods and services to the vast majority who have no credit problems, the credit industry does not operate in this irresponsible manner. — DENNIS E. GINGRICH, PUBLIC RELATIONS CHAIRMAN, CREDIT GRANTERS' ASSOCIATION OF SASKATCHEWAN, SASKATOON

Stick around, Aislin

With supporters like those who rushed to criticize Aislin's brilliant caricature of the Queen (Letters, In Our View — And Yours, April), how can the Commonwealth hope to survive? As a loyal Englishman, now residing in Canada, I would suggest that a distinguishing feature of our breed is that we are able to see the humorous side of ourselves and our "sacred" institutions — including the Royal Family. — R. J. PIRIE, TORONTO

* In my opinion the British Royal Family is the living representation of the iniquitous class system of a second-rate country, and the retention of this foreign institution in our country is one of the chief reasons for the lack of a true national unity and national pride in Canada.
WAYNE H. CAMPBELL, MONTREAL

* I am English myself, and relatively patriotic, but see no reason why the Queen should be treated as a "sacred cow".
ROBERT G. FLETCHER, OSHAWA, ONT. □



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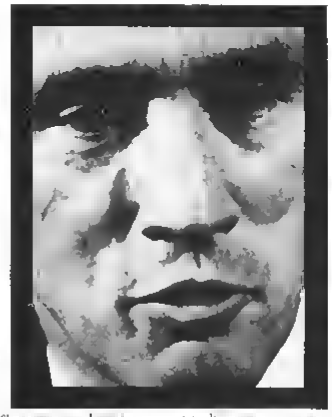
The Australian Wine Board

THE FINE WINES OF AUSTRALIA.

Pierre Elliott Trudeau Is The President Of Canada

His opponents say so, anyway. And even his friends admit he's accumulated awesome power. That's one of the things that are making people nervous about him. Below, *Maclean's* writer Walter Stewart reveals how that power has grown. On page 38, we present a unique analysis of how Canadians today see Trudeau and his chief opponent. Finally: one way — perhaps the only way — the Tories could unseat him

BY WALTER STEWART



ANYONE WHO DOUBTS that the man we call Prime Minister Trudeau has come, in the two years since his election victory of June 1968, to exercise what is virtually the power of a president should consider these six incidents.

□ A senior bureaucrat appears before a committee of the federal cabinet to argue for a policy hammered out by the experts in his department. The policy is rejected. "I was heard, but not listened to," the bureaucrat complains later. "Supergroup had been there before me." Supergroup is the clutch of perhaps 30 advisers in and around the Prime Minister's Office whose influence is decisive.

□ The House of Commons Committee on Indian Affairs and Northern Development, with a Liberal majority, decides that the time has come for our government to assert sovereignty over shipping in the Canadian Arctic. Trudeau does not agree, so the embarrassing report is withheld from parliament. After a frustrated month of waiting, the vice-chairman of the committee, a Conservative, moves in the House of Commons for concurrence in the report. The government House Leader tries to block the motion, but is overruled by the Speaker, and now the Liberals are on the spot: should they vote for the report, and thus against the Prime Minister, or should they reject it and repudiate the unanimous finding of a committee dominated by their own party (and repudiate it, incidentally, in the face of a spate of propaganda about the new power of such committees)? They do neither; the motion is simply talked out, no vote is ever taken, and the report disappears into limbo. The Prime Minister goes on to set his own Arctic policy without any apparent regard to what the committee suggested.

□ A member of parliament wants a favor. He is Philip Givens, former mayor of Toronto, now Liberal MP for York West, and the favor he wants is a small one. A girl in his riding, a 17-year-old who worked hard on his campaign, is dying of leukemia. She is an ardent admirer of Trudeau, and Givens wants him to send her a personal card. A secretary of the Prime Minister's Office says it can't be done, it would establish a precedent. Givens is outraged, he berates the secretary and threatens to make a major issue of the matter with Trudeau. A few days later, a higher official in the PMO calls and wants to know what message should go to the girl. Givens thinks he has won. "But then do you know what they do?" he says. "They send her a telegram. Christ, I could have faked a telegram myself. I wanted the Prime Minister involved, just to the extent of writing his name on a piece of paper." (It should be noted that there is a good chance the Prime Minister didn't even hear about ▸

this request until the issue was settled: in that sense, he was not responsible, but he *is* responsible for the growth in his office of serried ranks of protective officialdom.)

□ Resources Minister J. J. Greene assures the House of Commons that no Canadian water will be sold to the U.S. without government approval, and the government has no intention of giving such approval. That evening Prime Minister Trudeau tells Carleton University students there is a danger that Canada is becoming "too possessive" about resources, including water. "If I think we are not going to use it, I don't see why we shouldn't sell it for good, hard cash." So much for Resources Minister Greene.

□ The Prime Minister goes to Montreal to make a speech. His subject will be the Company of Young Canadians, and he will attack it. Secretary of State Gérard Pelletier reports to parliament for the CYC, but he is not shown the speech and doesn't know that Trudeau will also attack the CBC — another agency for which he reports — and threaten to close down Radio Canada for its alleged separatist bias. The evidence of bias on which the attack is based does not come from Pelletier's officials — in fact, they reject it — but is gathered by Trudeau's own staff. Pelletier is upset by the speech, and a vice-president of the CBC threatens to resign, but what can they do?

□ In the House of Commons Stanley Knowles, the long, lean NDP member from Winnipeg North Centre, unlimbers a long, lean question at the Prime Minister. The federal budget that has just come down does not, despite hopeful predictions, provide any increase in payments to old-age pensioners. Knowles wants to know if the government will consider some emergency measure to aid these pensioners before, he says, "many thousands of them are starved out of existence." Trudeau meets the question in what has become an increasingly common manner, he stares straight ahead, and says nothing. Hansard records only: "Some hon. members: Oh, oh!"

Six incidents, none of them sinister, none of them earth-shaking, but all of them pointing to a new pattern in Canadian politics: the emergence of the Prime Minister, who has always been a powerful figure, as the single, dominant force in government — aloof, unreachable, surrounded by an almost palpable aura of power, and barricaded behind his own bureaucracy, the Supergroup.

Much has been written recently about whether Trudeau is moving Canada toward a presidential system. It is this worry, in fact, that explains much of the nervousness combined with admiration, that emerges in the attitudes explored by the Goldfarb Report on the following pages. Trudeau's opponents say he is a

> 'THE PRIME MINISTER IS GLAD TO HEAR FROM THE PARTY AT ANY TIME,' SAYS A LIBERAL PARTY WORKER, 'ANY TIME, THAT IS, WHEN THERE IS AN ELECTION'

president already. They point to the increase in his own staff, which, in the PMO and Privy Council Office, now numbers more than 230. They cite his apparent contempt for parliament (in an unguarded moment last July, Trudeau said of opposition members, "When they get home, when they get out of parliament, when they are 50 yards from Parliament Hill, they are no longer hon. members, they are just nobodies.") They emphasize the establishment of such new institutions as Information Canada and Regional Desks in the PMO, institutions that tend to centralize control of both incoming and outgoing government information. They underline proposals to make Crown corporations out of the Post Office and sectors of the Department of Transport, and thus remove a significant sector of government operation from the scrutiny of MPs.

Trudeau's supporters say he has no presidential ambitions, for the very good reason, according to Ivan Head, his legislative assistant, that "a prime minister has more power than a president now." In one sense, that is true because he controls the legislature, a prime minister can get his program enacted while a president may be frustrated by a hostile Congress. On the other hand, the U.S. president has executive powers that put a prime minister to shame. He can declare any nation in the world to be an "enemy," and suspend trading with its citizens, he can sign executive agreements that have all the force of international treaties, he can fight a war — as both Presidents Johnson and Nixon have done — as long as he doesn't call it a war. And all without the sanction of Congress. It is this kind of muscle that Trudeau's opponents claim he is scheming to acquire. "Scheming" may in fact be too strong an interpretation, but there is certainly no arguing with the fact that Trudeau is assuming many of the trappings of a president, including a large personal staff, his own policy-formation group, and an increasing isolation from the hurly-burly of party and parliamentary politics. "He is not a prime minister," says David Lewis, Deputy Leader of the NDP, "he is a general manager."

Consider for a moment the difference in theory between the Canadian and U.S. forms of leadership. The American system is built on "checks and balances," which play off the executive, legislative and judicial branches against each other to keep any one of them from acquiring too much power. The Canadian system is built on the theory of responsible government, with the ultimate power in the hands of the House of Commons, where the prime minister must maintain a majority to survive. In theory, if enough MPs decide a government's course of action is objectionable, they can throw the rascals out. In fact, nothing of the sort happens. MPs are controlled by strong, well-disciplined parties, and the man foolhardy enough to break ranks on the flimsy excuse that he doesn't agree with what is being done soon finds himself out of grace — and office. To take a current example, many Liberal MPs are opposed to the government's White Paper on taxation, and say so in caucus, but they will nonetheless vote for it when the bell rings, as the lesser of two evils (the greater evil, of course, would be to let the Tories in). Strong parties have evolved of necessity — under present rules if members voted freely on every issue no government could stay in office long enough to get anything done — but because they have evolved, responsible government, in the *parliamentary* sense, is a thing of the past.

Instead, a series of informal checks and balances — Trudeau prefers to call them "countervailing forces" — has grown up around the Prime Minister. His party, his cabinet, the federal bureaucracy and the House of Commons all, in different ways and to different degrees, influence his decisions.

Political parties have ceased to matter in terms of significant policy formation. At election time, how the Prime Minister looks and sounds on television is far more important than any number of resolutions passed by his party in solemn conclave. In fact, television tends to isolate and enhance the leader's public personality so much that the party becomes a mere administrative convenience and fund-raising machine. A Liberal worker told me, "The Prime Minister is glad to hear from the party at any time, any time, that is, when there's an election."

One sign of the party's fading role — despite the hopeful election-time talk of party reform and participatory democracy — can be seen in the office of the Liberal Federation's National Director, Torrance Wylie. Who, you may ask, is Torrance Wylie? And that's the point. He is a bright, engaging, bilingual young man who was once executive assistant to the Liberal leader in the Senate, but he is not, and never will be, the power that Senator Keith Davey was when he flashed lightning and pealed thunder as the Liberal Party's Rainmaker.

The cabinet retains a powerful hold on the Prime Minister, but he handpicks its members, sets its agenda, organizes its committees, he is its central spokesman and, whenever a disagreement arises, he constitutes a majority of one. This has always been the case, but no prime minister has ever made more of his muscle than Trudeau.

The federal bureaucracy, a major force in policy formation since the 1940s, has also suffered a setback. Staff freezes, austerity firings and the Prime Minister's public scorn for the bureaucrats have undermined both their power and self-esteem. "What we have today," one senior civil servant contends, "is government by terror. The De Gaulle fist in the Kennedy glove. Trudeau has this little group of lieutenants, who are really hatchet men, each an expert in one field, and they go out and lean on people to get things done. No longer do civil servants feel relaxed enough to give their best advice. Now that advice is tempered by the question, 'How's some sonofabitch in the PMO going to react to this?'" Some interdepartmental committees, which used to meet to coordinate policy recommendations, no longer do so, they feel they will only be overruled by Supergroup.

Parliament, too, has declined. The House of Commons no longer has the power to blockade government funds (under the new rules all committees must complete their investigation of estimates by May 31 each year), there are fewer opportunities for debate (the opposition parties are alloted 25 days per year, before the parliamentary reforms, between 50 and 60 days were spent annually on supply motions), and the Question Period, which should be full of salutary terror for the government, has become a daily ritual of uninformed charges and unresponsive shrugs.

Some of parliament's decline is accidental; television, by shifting the focus of debate out of the House, makes what happens there merely a warm-up for the real argument in front of the cameras. Some of it can be laid to the poor performance of the official opposition. Government House Leader Donald Macdonald noted, "Whatever his other qualities, Robert Stanfield has not been able to mount an effective attack against us. Now if they had a dozen David Lewises over there, things might be different."

Nor do members make the most of the

> NO PM HAS EVER MADE MORE OF HIS MUSCLE THAN TRUDEAU. 'WE HAVE GOVERNMENT BY TERROR,' SAYS A SENIOR CIVIL SERVANT. 'THE DE GAULLE FIST IN THE KENNEDY GLOVE'

time available for debate. In the first half of the current session, 75 of 96 hours allotted for government business were spent on nine routine bills. "If the PM sometimes seems contemptuous of the House," says Ivan Head, "some MPs sometimes seem to deserve his contempt."

As each of the countervailing forces has begun to fade, the slack has been taken up in the ever-expanding PMO. "All the tracks," as one mandarin says, "lead to a single den." Policy formation has become almost exclusively the Prime Minister's prerogative. This was evident in the process that led to the withdrawal of some Canadian troops from NATO. Before that decision was taken, pronouncements were handed down by each of the major elements of power. The Liberal Party conducted a survey among its members, a parliamentary committee mulled the problem, the two key cabinet ministers involved — Defense Minister Cadieux and External Affairs Minister Sharp — had their say, and the bureaucracy produced a study paper. The advice was unanimous: don't change NATO policy. Then the matter was debated in cabinet, but not settled. "I see we are about evenly divided," the Prime Minister noted. Then he announced the decision: NATO policy would be changed. And so it was.

In short, the Prime Minister is acquiring some of the power of an American president without any of his restraining checks and balances. This process is reinforced by Trudeau's own view of his mandate, which is that he was elected for five years, to rule as best he can. At the end of that time, the Canadian people may judge him at the polls, but in the meantime he must get on with the job.

This is certainly a defensible way to run a government, but it is much closer to the American system than to anything Canada has seen to date. Gerald Baldwin, Conservative House Leader, told me, "There has to be some place where you can say to a Diefenbaker or a Trudeau, 'All right, you so-and-so, you've gone far enough. Now back up!'" For Baldwin, the House of Commons is that place, but not for Trudeau. "They can criticize us all they like,' Ivan Head explains, 'but we must be allowed to get our legislation through."

There are advantages to the Trudeau approach. It is more efficient (and, as the Goldfarb Report makes clear, Canadians expect and appreciate efficiency in their prime minister: that is why they rate Trudeau as more capable of solving most of the problems facing the nation than Robert Stanfield), it permits the government to strike out in new directions, it allows people to participate — or at least to feel as if they are participating — more directly in government.

The hazard implied in the new power structure — and the Goldfarb respondents seemed well aware of this, too — is that there is really no check on the Prime Minister beyond the threat of retaliation at the polls on some future date — a date to be set incidentally by himself, for his own best advantage. The Prime Minister's program will go through, we may defeat him later, but we will be voting against a *fait accompli*.

The way around this impasse, according to a number of political scientists, is to modify our traditional parliamentary structure to the new realities. Parliamentary government is wonderfully flexible, it can be made to work without deserting the principle of vesting responsibility in the House of Commons, and the experts — led by Professor Denis Smith of Trent University — have suggested a number of ways this might be done.

Parliamentary committees could be granted the right to choose their own chairmen, hire their own staffs and make their own legislative proposals. MPs could be given much more administrative assistance ("Today's MP," says Philip Givens, "is as useless as an udder on a bull"). Television cameras could be admitted to committee hearings and the House of Commons, a move that would at a single step restore the focus of debate to its proper sphere, parliament, and end the growing practice of shrugging off or smiling away difficult questions, secure in the knowledge that the lapse will not be noted. Elections could be set at fixed dates. Finally, the 19th-century practice of recognizing that a government may carry on despite defeat of its measures in the House could be revived. This would allow members to bolt the party on some issues, it would force the prime minister to explain and justify proposed actions, and it would restore parliament, so the critics claim, from its present low ebb to an effective instrument for expressing public will. □

OVERLEAF: How Canadians compare and rate Trudeau and Robert Stanfield ▶

Pierre Elliott Trudeau Makes A Lot Of People Edgy

This is the first Maclean's *Goldfarb Report*
Using the techniques of the political image makers themselves, a top sociologist polls Canadians to find out our deepest feelings about the Prime Minister and his chief opponent. Some of what he found out may confirm what you already assumed. But a lot of it may just surprise you

PRIME MINISTER TRUDEAU dominates the Canadian political stage today. He's producer, stage manager and matinée idol rolled into one. His predelictions for a presidential style of government has won him unprecedented power. His flamboyant personality makes him part of the gossip of our daily lives. He radiates confidence and sophistication. By comparison, Robert Stanfield's image retains all the lustre of a late Stone Age cave drawing. Yet it is the overshadowed, unspectacular Stanfield whom more people (74%) trust than trust Trudeau (60%).

Politically, in other words, Trudeau is vulnerable. His power, his style, his once admired romantic image are making people nervous.

This is a key finding of the first Goldfarb Report for *Maclean's*, a massive survey of what Canadian voters are thinking in 1970. The study was commissioned from Martin Goldfarb Consultants of Toronto and Montreal, one of Canada's top social survey firms. In the past Goldfarb has conducted research both for commercial organizations (Eaton's, Ford, Shell) and for government and individual political parties. The results on these pages, based on a comprehensive nationwide poll, are as detailed as those used by the political parties themselves. The consumer research statistics you see here are precisely the kind that determine how the next federal election is to be fought. The difference is that you're seeing the raw material just that way — raw, the way that, until now, only the strategists have seen it.

Elections, in this age of mass videocracy, are best viewed as *marketing* wars. Political parties seldom waste much energy preparing platforms any more; they devote their time and money to merchandising their leaders. Images are devised in advertising agencies, packaged by media experts and promoted like pop singers (Trudeaumania) or menthol cigarettes (Mr. Cool). A leader's only reality. In terms of politics is how he is perceived; the man is the style itself. The party that markets the right image at the right time wins the war.

For instance, is it accurate to say that Trudeau swears more and drinks harder than Stanfield? Can anyone prove that Trudeau has a shorter temper than the Conservative leader but compensates by being warmer, smarter and better in bed? It doesn't matter. What's important is that a clear majority (see table below) of voters *believe* these comparisons to be true. The result is that Trudeau, the worldly lover all the world loves, is Prime Minister and Stanfield who merely projects humility and stability is not.

At first glance there is little in the Goldfarb Report to suggest Trudeau has anything to worry about. His personality is still considered far more positive and appealing. Quebec remains solidly behind him. So, in most respects, does the English speaking middle class. As the man to handle Canada's foreign affairs he is virtually unbeatable. Stanfield, on the other hand, is still perceived as a bumbling, inconsequential and inadequate leader. People may feel more inclined to *trust* Stanfield, but they are not sure what to trust him with. He is even regarded as an almost total loser in his native Maritimes.

But on closer examination there are indications that the images are beginning to shift focus. Stanfield is considered the better man on some crucial domestic issues. He registers remarkable strength in the west, particularly on the Prairies, and there are signs that the great vote-laden urban industrial areas of southern Ontario may be switching to the Tories. Support for Stanfield is also growing among the poor and the very affluent. And while most may wish they themselves were like Trudeau, 50% of English Canadians want their children to be like Stanfield. (The chart below shows English *and* French opinion.)

Can these hidden strengths be exploited and Trudeau toppled? Martin Goldfarb believes they can. After all, the same merchandising tactics that converted Richard Nixon from a 1962 has-been into a 1968 president are available here. On page 40, Goldfarb shows how he would use the tools of his trade to draw up the program that he believes could unseat Trudeau.

When asked to say what they personally liked or disliked about the leaders, people taking part in the poll were seldom neutral about Trudeau. He is a man who generates an emotional response — either open admiration and genuine respect or sincere fear and passionate hostility. With Stanfield, people either liked him because he hasn't done anything to alienate people or disliked him for much the same reason. Some samples:

ON TRUDEAU:

☐ *'He says whatever he thinks. He comes right out with it, to the point.' (A young RCMP officer in Vancouver.)*

☐ *'I think he is intellectually honest. I do not agree with a lot of his philosophy. I think he is not swayed by patronage." (A middle aged male engineer in New Brunswick.)*

☐ *"I think he is power mad. He fancies himself to be a dictator type. I think he feels the position as Prime Minister is for him to take trips. (A saleslady in Edmonton.)*

☐ *"I just think he is for women and not for business." (A mechanic in Kingston, Ont.)*

AND ON STANFIELD:

☐ *'He has not given me any reason not to trust him." (A Vancouver lawyer.)*

☐ *"He is a straight man but I don't know him." (An engineer in Montreal.)*

WHICH LEADER IS BETTER ABLE TO HANDLE INFLATION IN CANADA?

	T%	S%	N.C.%
TOTAL RESPONDENTS	45	41	14
EDUCATION			
high school or less	38	45	17
completed high school	52	40	8
university	54	37	9
INCOME			
less than $6,000	36	49	15
$6,000 to $8,000	53	36	11
$8,000 to $10,000	48	39	13
$10,000 to $12,000	46	42	12
more than $12,000	49	44	7

Although total replies give Trudeau a slight edge, Stanfield is ahead with those for whom inflation cuts deepest — the poor, the undereducated, the people on fixed incomes. The government may well have an inkling of what Goldfarb's figures suggest and this could explain the current crusade to stabilize prices. Anti-inflation policies may create some political enemies, but galloping inflation might stampede middle-income groups as well as the poor into Stanfield's camp.

DO YOU TRUST TRUDEAU?

	YES %	NO %	N.C. %
Total respondents	60	38	2
English	55	43	2
French	70	27	3

DO YOU TRUST STANFIELD?

	YES %	NO %	N.C. %
Total respondents	74	23	3
English	80	18	2
French	63	32	5

HOW DO YOU GRADE TRUDEAU'S/STANFIELD'S ABILITY TO HANDLE:

TRUDEAU	EXC.%	GOOD%	FAIR%	POOR%	N.C.%
Drug problem	15	33	26	12	14
Western wheat	11	22	36	23	8
Pollution	11	35	28	12	14
Middle class anxiety	8	28	36	18	10
Cities	12	37	28	9	14
U.S. domination	19	31	27	10	13
STANFIELD	**EXC.%**	**GOOD%**	**FAIR%**	**POOR%**	**N.C.%**
Drug problem	10	39	32	12	7
Western wheat	18	44	20	9	9
Pollution	10	48	30	6	6
Middle-class anxiety	12	45	30	7	6
Cities	9	43	37	8	3
U.S. domination	14	39	33	8	6

Martin Goldfarb detects a certain cooling of the national ardor for Trudeau in these figures. The marriage is far from breaking up, but the electorate is beginning to fret, especially over domestic matters. Almost as many people say the Prime Minister is doing a poor job as say he is performing excellently. More important, a high percentage of people are unable to express any opinion at all about Trudeau. They're not sure what to think. People can at least make up their minds about Stanfield.

WHICH LEADER DOES EACH OF THE FOLLOWING STATEMENTS APPLY TO:

	TRUDEAU %	STANFIELD %	NO COMMENT %
CALMEST, LEAST NERVOUS	58	41	3
EASIEST TO BELIEVE IN	51	42	7
MOST SATISFIED WITH LIFE	68	29	3
BEST INFORMED	65	27	8
BEST LOOKING	69	18	13
SMARTER	71	21	8
BEST SEX PARTNER	67	8	25
LIKELY TO TRY MARIJUANA	77	4	19
DRINKS MOST	62	15	23
SWEARS MOST	65	13	22
WORST TEMPER	66	25	9
WARMEST	62	35	3
DRESSES IN FASHION	94	5	1
MOST STABLE IN PERSONAL LIFE	23	72	5
HAS SOME HUMILITY	26	68	6
MOST RELIGIOUS	27	58	15
I'D RATHER BE LIKE	53	31	16
RATHER MY KIDS WERE LIKE	48	34	18

WHERE IS STANFIELD STRONGEST?

Although Trudeau remains generally on top in all of Canada's five main regions, the Tory leader is considered superior on some specific issues. For instance, more respondents (45% to 37%) believe he could better handle poverty. When assessments on the poverty question only are broken down into regions, this is the result *

	T%	S%
MARITIMES	51	48
QUEBEC	32	17
ONTARIO	37	56
PRAIRIES	39	66
BC	54	54

Similar patterns would emerge for the other two issues on which Stanfield has a national lead, the problem of western wheat (58% to 25%) and middle class anxiety about status (47% to 34%). However, with the Middle East situation, an issue on which Trudeau is considered more adept (47% to 35%), the breakdown looks like this:

	T%	S%
MARITIMES	65	42
QUEBEC	37	10
ONTARIO	50	42
PRAIRIES	53	59
BC	74	36

Stanfield is already building a power base on the Prairies and has the foundations for one in Ontario. He is strong on domestic issues in BC. Quebec is a lost cause for him and so to a large extent are the Maritimes.

(*Totals don't equal 100 because of overlapping opinions.)

Goldfarb's questionnaire penetrated beyond easy-to-simplify political issues and deeply into the images of the leaders that have been projected on to people's minds. It's in this area, which Goldfarb calls "the mental marketplace," that election campaigns of the 1970s can be won. Below are some of the more intriguing sidelights:

☐ Trudeau is still the darling of youth. The over-55 age group tend to choose Stanfield when evaluating ability to handle most issues; the under-25 group is more likely to let it all hang out for Trudeau. Reduction of the voting age to 18 should help the Liberals.

☐ Both leaders are regarded as steak and lobster men when it comes to favorite dishes. With Trudeau, 44% said steak and 33% lobster. With Stanfield it was 38% steak and 35% lobster.

☐ English Canadians are overwhelmingly confident that Trudeau is the better man to deal with the Quebec crisis. French Canadians reject Stanfield, too. But they are also far from enthusiastic about Trudeau on this issue. English Canada may be indulging in wishful thinking.

☐ When asked about favorite sports, people identify Trudeau with personal involvement: skiing (53%) or swimming (21%). Stanfield is associated with spectator sports such as hockey (29%). Yet 51% believe Trudeau has a favorite hockey player but only 32% imagine Stanfield taking that much interest. People in other words perceive a greater involvement on Trudeau's part with events in Canada.

Pierre Elliott Trudeau Can Be Beaten. Here's How

From the poll results on the previous page, sociologist Martin Goldfarb sets down the battle plan with which Robert Stanfield could unseat the Prime Minister. The 'ifs' in it may be big. But so, after all, are the stakes

Thanks to a basic prerogative of the parliamentary system—one he isn't likely to toss away — Prime Minister Trudeau can call the next election for any date he chooses between now and June 1973. (American presidents, with fixed elections every four years, are denied this weapon of enormous political power.) Trudeau would be stupid if he didn't pick a time of maximum advantage to the Liberals. Which makes things doubly difficult for Robert Stanfield and the Tories.

Difficult but not impossible, says sociologist and consultant Martin Goldfarb. He believes analysis of the poll findings shown below and on the previous pages suggest Trudeau can be beaten. The Goldfarb formula for a Stanfield victory is based on three merchandising tactics:

☐ **Exploiting Trudeau's Weaknesses.** "People are getting the feeling that Trudeau is a participant in the breakdown of morality," says Goldfarb. "He's beginning to be associated with disrespect for a certain kind of order. Trudeau's weak showing on such issues as inflation, poverty and middle-class anxiety, the average guy's feeling that things are falling apart and he's not getting enough attention, are signs of this. People seem to be asking themselves, 'Why the hell am I in love with Trudeau?' Next, they start asking tough questions. Stanfield shouldn't do anything to discourage this process. Trudeau is creating an advantage for his opponent in the mental marketplace."

☐ **Exploiting Stanfield's Strengths.** Goldfarb's analysis of the poll findings points toward a clear — if difficult — path for the Tories' brain trust. "Stanfield should be out talking to as many trade-union people, civil-service meetings and gatherings of fixed-income groups as he can find. That's where a lot of his support could come from, the 'little people'; they're the ones who could elect him. And he should concentrate his activities in Ontario, where the votes are and where Trudeau's midriff is vulnerable." Stanfield can also make political capital out of the widespread assumption that he can solve the wheat problem. "There is sympathy all across Canada for the wheat farmers," notes Goldfarb. "It's an issue of national pride."

☐ **Redesigning Stanfield's Personal Image.** The present image was apparently conceived after Dalton Camp concluded Paul Hellyer would win the Liberal leadership. The idea was that Stanfield would seem the cooler plodder. Stanfield's aim now, says Goldfarb, must be to project self-confidence, to convince people he can "dream big dreams" and to demonstrate some imagination as a social human being. "He should attempt a unique style of dress, even if it's a reversion to spats and the wing collar. He should be seen in theatres and in nightclubs and in ballrooms. He should ski or play tennis or swim. He should do everything possible to destroy the picture people have of him as a nine-to-five man preoccupied with petty details."

Goldfarb grants that the conversion of old granite-faced Robert-the-Shy into bubbling gregarious Uncle Bobby-about-Town might be an undertaking beyond the scope of today's image-makers. Besides, Stanfield, with typical dignity, has indicated that his image is not available for refurbishing. Even if it were, the Tories have to reckon with the fact that Trudeau's image is also undergoing changes. The Prime Minister is becoming noticeably quieter, almost plodding. Still, there is that nervousness.

In presenting this battle plan, incidentally, Maclean's offers no suggestions as to who should be in power. All we know is what the figures tell us. And if the Tories want that presidential power for their own leader, the rest is up to them.

IN YOUR OPINION, WHICH LEADER COULD BETTER HANDLE:

% OF RESPONDENTS	TOTAL CANADA T	TOTAL CANADA S	B.C. T	B.C. S	PRAIRIES T	PRAIRIES S	ONTARIO T	ONTARIO S	QUEBEC ENG T	QUEBEC ENG S	QUEBEC FR T	QUEBEC FR S	MARITIMES T	MARITIMES S
President Nixon	**58**	31	71	43	**59**	42	**58**	40	**53**	8	**42**	17	**70**	32
Middle East situation	**47**	35	**74**	36	53	**59**	**50**	42	**45**	9	**34**	11	**65**	42
Inflation in Canada	**45**	41	**63**	51	39	**66**	46	**50**	**35**	18	**42**	17	**62**	38
Drug problems	**53**	31	**68**	42	**63**	46	**61**	35	**40**	14	**34**	18	**68**	38
CYC	**58**	26	**78**	36	**63**	47	**68**	28	**33**	17	**39**	12	71	28
Quebec	**64**	18	**87**	21	**78**	33	**75**	18	**41**	12	**30**	8	**77**	24
Western wheat problem	25	**58**	36	**75**	16	**67**	25	**71**	**30**	26	23	**26**	48	**54**
Pollution	**45**	37	**60**	53	**51**	47	42	**51**	37	11	**35**	15	**57**	44
Poverty	37	**45**	54	54	39	**66**	37	**58**	**32**	19	**32**	16	**51**	48
Middle-class anxiety	34	**47**	50	**61**	27	**62**	36	**57**	**28**	24	**29**	14	**57**	48
Cities	**54**	28	**67**	41	**65**	46	**58**	36	**39**	13	**36**	8	**68**	33
American domination of our economy	**50**	34	**71**	45	**62**	45	**50**	45	**43**	10	**39**	17	**65**	37

Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Half-Breed

Willie Dunn: writer of songs, maker of films (and trouble) and – in 1970 – his own man

I am free and I dance
—From a poem by Duke Redbird



WILLIE DUNN drinks too much. He smokes too much. He has too many women. He gets into too much trouble, and there is a feeling about him that when he dies it will not be from living too long but too much. Willie Dunn is a songwriter and an NFB film maker who is as good at composing lyrics and screenplays as he is miserably inept at ingratiating himself with the police. Willie Dunn is a 28-year-old Montreal folk singer with a softly abrasive voice.

But if you ask him about himself he will tell you none of this. He will say, indelicately avoiding the French term *Metis*, that he's a half-breed. For Willie Dunn well knows — though Willie Dunn doesn't know why — that half-breed is a racial slur, like squaw. And when he says it he will covertly look at your face to watch you flinch.

He himself takes pride in the Micmac rather than the Scottish half of his ancestry. His life work is a celebration of our native peoples, and the best of his lyrics seem stripped to the granite of the Precambrian Shield. He is a propagator of Traditionalism and Red Power, current and widely misunderstood pan-American movements of Indian nationalism.

One source of Indian self-respect is the rather brief period when native history was recorded, native nations not yet defeated. The luminous simplicity of Willie's vision of ancient heroes —

Crazy Horse was a mighty man
he was a chief of the great Cheyenne

—moved Indian audiences everywhere. Willie's status as a minor media celebrity and the throwaway style of his life impressed a race neither sophisticated nor provident. Perhaps they sensed a transference of spirit from the dead warriors to the driven young man who now sang of them so proudly. At any rate, the celebrator became the celebrated and the legend of Willie Dunn was born.

But the white community had scarcely heard of Willie Dunn. To those fearful of Indian activism he was somebody who in 1967 helped found the Vancouver-based Native Alliance For Red Power. This is a continental, nonstructured and hopefully nonviolent front to combat police harassment and bureaucratic slights and to push for self-determinism. More recently he became active in the North American Unity Convention, an insular, even secretive summer program of car caravans and multitribal gatherings on remote reserves.

The Convention has successfully reinstated "the old ways" — native cultural and religious traditions — among thousands of young Indians in Canada and the United States. If you could infiltrate this year's caravan, organized (loosely, by word of mouth) to roll up from Oklahoma through the Dakotas to the Canadian prairies, you'd be confronted with spectacles that seemed 100 years old: the ritualistic burning of tobacco; interminable dances to the thump of one drum; prayers to a god more friendly and familiar than our own. And there has been a secret renaissance of the medicine man, the shaman, whose herbs and insights were prematurely buried by white doctors and clergymen, the latter as intolerant as the missionaries in Maugham's *Rain* of whom someone said, "The founder of their religion wasn't so exclusive." The caravan has its own innocence: alcohol, like tuberculosis, a white man's sickness, is rigorously banned.

The 20,000 Indians expected to participate in this year's Convention probably had 20,000 reasons for doing so. "It gives me enough strength to go on for another year," said Willie Dunn. "What's the use of writing songs if you think you're going to die?" Maxi-activists could assert themselves. Last August, on the Maniwaki reserve 60 miles north of Ottawa, Kahn-Tineta Horn managed to expel an Indian because his employer was an agency of the despised federal government.

"You had to think, well, what the hell?" said Willie. "I mean, *I* work for the National Film Board. So he came back." But the little drama pointed up the essential problem of being Willie Dunn, a city Indian who speaks no native tongue, a guarded but gregarious soul who haunts the darkest and noisiest pubs in Montreal, currently The Boiler Room and The Seven Steps, and whose drinking buddies include many Establishment types whom Kahn-Tineta Horn, for ▸

BY JON RUDDY



'You have to put down your camera some time and open your mouth,' says Willie Dunn, rendering a minority view from the National Film Board. What he opens his mouth about is the hated white man. The trouble is, Willie can't stop living like one

example would shun When he was five weeks behind in his rent recently it was to a white friend that he turned "Well, this guy is a reporter Most of my friends are reporters and CBC types And Indians But communications people understand each other

The obverse of his fellowship with white peers is a moody hatred of the collective "white man" Willie Dunn and the white man do not understand each other at all He considers himself not a Canadian but a North American and participates in the national anxieties only through a glass darkly His NFB short *The Ballad Of Crowfoot* is a collection of stills of plains Indians, proud and pathetic, culled from archives and backed by his own bitter song The lyrics build to a shattering cry of outrage

we've been shafted and bent
rumbled busted and spent

One day, over a fourth quart of Molson at The Boiler Room, whose clientele is inured to carelessly expressed anarchic sentiment, he told a friend that he was "at the point of picking up a gun and shooting about 10 of the bastards" — it not being clear who the bastards were

But this wasn't typical of him Willie's militance has usually been undermined by his humanity The outburst occurred after he had described how an Indian girl named Cassie was sentenced to a term at Kingston Penitentiary for stealing he said two 15-cent pairs of earrings from a local store "This store was broken into like 86 times in six months The people on the reserve were so damned frustrated Cassie was drunk It was a kind of protest It was like being locked up for stealing a loaf of bread I love this girl and she's in jail There was a point when *all* my friends were in jail I wondered if it was because of their association with me"

Association with Willie Dunn is sometimes dangerous and always involving Correspondence from an Alberta Cree named Rose *Your a star and a hero to my childrens eyes and mind. Willie you see they heard you singing over the radio last Sunday they went running to get across to our neighbors kids to come and listen to you also I was so happy and pleased to see the kids eyes shine and gleam* Comment by Johnny Yesno host of CBC radio's *Indian Magazine Willie Dunn is a crazy bastard a lazy bugger I never ask him to do anything for me unless he's hungry I play his tapes and the audience always writes in to ask if the songs are on records They're not Willie doesn't care There's a guy from Columbia Records in New York that's been trying to pin him down for three years Most of the time you can't even find him He can't stay in one place* Comment by George Stoney Willie's supervisor at the Film Board *He has a contempt for what he does well* Comment by Duke Redbird Toronto poet and actor *Willie isn't lazy He's in the process of discovering himself and it's taking a long time Willie has found that you can't have integrity among our own people without screwing the whites That's what he gets into these scrapes*

Out at Canyon Creek, a mink-ranching settlement on Lesser Slave Lake, Willie was drawn into a beverage-room brawl after a group of racist whites insulted his friend Tony Antoine, a co-founder of the Native Alliance For Red Power The two of them were hauled off to jail They spent a month there while friends at the NFB did what they could from Montreal and the incident became a *cause célèbre* among western Indians who raised defense funds at a special seminar at the University of Alberta and badgered the Slave Lake prison warden to distraction Back in Montreal Willie an Indian pal and an NFB film editor named Don Rennick were incarcerated overnight after a white waiter at The Seven Steps found nothing comradely about what Rennick later described as "a comradely slap on the cheek" Some of Willie's women friends were implicated but not arrested

Given his loyalties and predilections it would be surprising if Willie's work at the rigidly structured Film Board went smoothly It doesn't Members of the Indian Film Crew are not really NFB employees but volunteers with the Company of Young Canadians They receive a living allowance from the CYC and film-making equipment and limited expenses from the NFB's Challenge For Change program which is designed to apply the art of film making to community problems in such depressed areas as Indian reserves The basic idea is to let groups of people observe their own lifestyle Anyway, Willie was soon in trouble over his use of an NFB return address on some organizational material about a planned Indian demonstration With his job on the line, 25 film makers took his side in a dispute with an officious supervisor There were a couple of hairy meetings and I was reinstated" said Willie

His film-making credo — "Activism is where it should be at, you have to be prepared to put down your camera some time and open your mouth" — was tested at a Métis community called Loon Lake in northern Alberta It didn't work "We found some people there who were actually starving" he recalled "Instead of shooting our film we exposed the situation to the press Then the welfare people were all up there saying it wasn't so We made a lot of noise The trouble was we hadn't been there long enough to really get to know the people and when we said they were starving it hurt their pride So they went against us It was a lesson"

Willie Dunn has been an erratic but determined student of Indian nationalism since he left the army at 22, having served for a time in the Belgian Congo "Where are the American Indians now?" a Congolese teacher had asked him, and Willie a grade-10 dropout and the son of a Montreal boilermaker (a Scottish-Canadian who was made to feel ashamed of his Indian wife and who had made her ashamed of her Micmac heritage), didn't know Back home he bought an old car and drove east to Restigouche, the reserve of his mother's family, to find out

When I was driving down there, through the Matapedia Valley, I started thinking wistfully about Indians, building up a vast mysticism about the countryside and the Indians I showed up at my aunt's door They recognized me right away because I looked like the people there Well, Uncle Pat and me got drunk together He took me hunting and fishing showed me around, showed me off And I knew that I had found my kin Later I realized that the black teacher in the Congo — he was also my kin."

He spent much of the next five years on the road with his guitar, on one occasion living among the dropout band of Robert Smallboy on Alberta's remote Kootenay Plains Dropping out of urban society was on his mind during hung-over mornings with a taste like old brass in cities along the folk circuit the hum of alien traffic coming in an open window and over the back of a blonde he didn't know "I'd like to go out in the country, away from the hassle, the bars" he told an Indian friend "I've seen enough of life All I need is a shack in the country" But back in Montreal working for the Film Board he sensed that there was no lasting escape for a committed city Indian "I should stay here and help in my own way I'm going to start right now with music I have felt that I'd be exploiting the Indian people to make records about our past But if you don't do nothing nothing's going to happen I'll go ahead and make those goddam records"

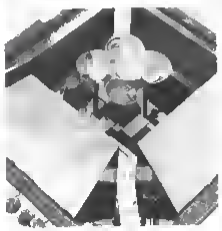
Like his picaresque life, Willie Dunn's plain lyrics can be seen as an expression of dark and unsuspected themes His *Ballad Of Charlie Wenjack*, which depicts the attempt of a 12-year-old Ojibway to run away home from a hated residential school, may be an allegory whose hidden meaning is not pleasant There is the suggestion that a people — treaty Indians and Métis dissident chiefs and the ruined descendants of fabled hunters shamans and squaws and torn young activists — walks in single file behind the doomed boy, who

made it forty miles
six hundred left to go
and it's a long old lonesome journey
shufflin through the snow □

The Architect Who Thinks People Matter More Than Buildings

Arthur Erickson says Vancouver is 'disastrously ugly.' He's wrong. Here, and on the next five pages, are some of the reasons. Erickson's own buildings

There was Arthur Erickson, architect and tastemaker, an honored guest at the ceremonial opening of Expo 70 in Osaka where his mirror-walled Canadian Pavilion was about to enhance his already substantial reputation — and he couldn't get his mind off the fact that back home in Vancouver he might even then be losing the battle to save his garden fence. Two neighbors, including the woman with the ghastly front door, had complained that it was an eyesore and should be lowered. So he left the Japanese enchanted by the infinities of space and dimension he had created as the face of Canada at Expo 70, and flew to Vancouver to do battle. It is the uniquely Canadian irony that a man the world regards as one of the age's leading designers should be excoriated by the woman next door. The irony is greater because while the most visible monuments to his talents and those of partner Geoff Massey are university complexes and office blocks and bold concepts for new cities, the great body of 46-year old bachelor Erickson's work-to-date is the 30 or so houses he has built. Each is unique, each a model to designers around the world. So between the opening of Expo 70 and the final round of the battle to save his fence, Arthur Erickson took *Maclean's* on a guided tour of the Vancouver he built. On the next pages he talks about his buildings, his philosophy, his life



PHOTOS BY DON NEWLANDS / PRODUCED BY ALAN EDMONDS



Simon Fraser University was I suppose what first got our firm of Erickson Massey substantial recognition back in 1964. The university is wrapped around the top of Burnaby Mountain. Have you been mountaineering? I remember my first time climbing out of the treeline and glimpsing the vistas to come, then climbing higher and higher and the vistas became clear... and they changed... and the promises of the glimpses I had had earlier came true.

Simon Fraser is like that. You come out of the lower transportation area and you climb up terraces past classrooms and laboratories and into the roofed-in mall, and you get glimpses of the vistas you can see from the mountain. Then you climb higher, to the summit, to the upper quadrangle... and you see the whole world around, with the realization it has wide, limitless horizons. Education is like that. As you learn more you are able to see more of the vistas of human knowledge and experience.

Simon Fraser is also a very functional building. But we wanted something different to what I'd had. I thought university terrible. People weren't educated there, it was a production line. Most universities treat students as objects and just provide classrooms to teach them in. We said "All right, anyone can build classrooms. We want to build a community." The mall is the focal point, the place where you expect to meet people, where the heart is, where revolutions are fomented — which is what happened at Simon Fraser.

The real function of the architect is the reinterpretation of the institutions of man: the hospital, the office, the city, the university. The architect should re-see them in a new and fresh way, relevant to his own age. They should be monuments to his own times, to his place in the cosmos of history.

Perhaps it sounds a little grandiose, but that's what we were trying to do with Simon Fraser. I think we were generally successful. But it's always disappointing to see what people do with what you have built. I was angry about the gas station — they built it in a place where it defeats one of our principle aims: it partly blocks the view of the vistas from the mountain.

'Building houses teaches you what makes people happy. Learning that a woman needs a pleasant view from her sewing-room window, you sympathize with the secretary stuck away from windows'



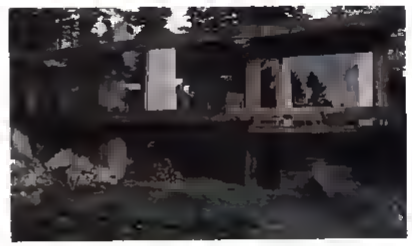
The MacMillan Bloedel building *(left)* was our first major office block. The company came to us three years ago with a plan by other architects and said: 'We like the building, we like the price, but we don't like the outside.' We looked at it and the site and told them we couldn't do anything but design a new building.

Most office blocks are disasters. Secretaries and staff are tucked away from the natural light, surrounded with acoustic ceilings, portable walls, big heavy pillars, ugly radiator shells, a clutter of hatstands and filing cabinets and piles of paper, all lit with ghastly fluorescent light. Building houses teaches you what makes people happy. Learning that a woman needs a pleasant view from her sewing-room window makes you sympathize with the secretary stuck away from the windows and the world outside.

So we came up with a slim building — two of them, in a way, but overlapping so they could share the same service core for elevators and have offices with windows on either side of a central corridor. We put the usual ugly office furnishings — hatstands, filing cabinets and so on — in wall units. To do away with the usual square or rectangular curtain wall boxlike building, an office-factory, we used the old load-bearing outside walls with windows punched in them. I think it is fundamental you have a sense of the structure, so we left the outside roughcast concrete — and you have the same thing inside, a lot of plain, honest concrete.

You know, when I graduated from McGill I took a ship to England that went to Egypt instead. It was the most important thing that ever happened to me. It took me back to the beginning of history, and I began to sense the great timeless styles, the courage of the ideas that have made buildings last. The Parthenon was not, as I'd been taught, built with mathematical precision. It is a piece of sculpture. Rough rocks were put up, and the builder carved his columns, then stood back, looked at them, and went back and chipped off a bit more. The Parthenon taught me that what is important is inner perception, not technology. The MacMillan Bloedel office is my Doric building.







I built two houses for Gordon Smith, the painter, 12 years apart. The 1954 house *(lower left)* was my first, done when I was still teaching. A lot of my early work — this first Smith house particularly — is like somebody groping for words and not finding the right ones. The idea was to build a bridge in the trees, and put the house on it so they would be living in the trees. Most of the things I have done since have been bridges in a sense — between one part of the environment and another. But look at that first house. It's very weak. The eyebrow — the platform and the rail around the platform — is not convincing, not heavy enough.

The second house I built for the Smiths *(upper left, and above)* in 1966 is much more successful. It's still a bridge, it still brings the outside world into the living areas, it is still an environment within the existing natural environment. On the west coast the light, like the weather, is very capricious, constantly changing, lending variety and excitement to a house. In eastern Canada you couldn't design the same way. The weather there is more constant, and houses must offer a sense of protection from the elements that we don't need here.

I find it frustrating to visit homes I have built, partly because you become aware of what you didn't achieve. I have never fulfilled what I wanted to fulfill.

ARTHUR ERICKSON continued

I did this house *(upper right)* for David and Penny Graham in 1965 and I suppose it's the best known of them all because architectural magazines here and in Europe have written a great deal about it.

The idea was to make the site an experience. It is on a cliff overlooking Howe Sound, and as you drive up you can see only the house. Then you come down the steps and see the cliff rising to one side and, in front of it, the swimming pool. From the front door there is an explosion of space. You can look down the stairs through the dining room to windows in the bedroom and living room and see the sea. From everywhere you can see either the cliff, the pool or Howe Sound. The house is an island on a terraced bridge between two bodies of water — the swimming pool at one level and the sea below. But not all my houses are for the rich, you know. I've built houses for $15,000, and they can be just as rewarding.

I sometimes think I don't have any real talent at all. I treat everything the Zen way. I am an empty vessel. I let every new problem or project inform and teach me. It's terrifying at times.

The one thing I avoid is coming to conclusions. Ideas are a dime a dozen and the great thing is to keep pushing them aside until every single thing is right. That's why I don't make money.

This house for the Catton family *(lower right)* I did last year and it's probably my last house. We can't afford to do houses now because they involve as much work as a major building and we simply can't make as much out of them — and we've got to keep an office with 40 people going. But through houses you learn about people and what they need and want. I can't spare the time now. You practically have to marry the wife of the family you're designing for. Most people and most firms can't afford the amount of effort I like to put into something. This last house is a good example of my belief in designing a house for the site. This business of using the site properly is one area where I'm probably one of the two best in the country. The other is Ron Thom in Toronto.





> Erickson's houses blend with, span and punctuate their surroundings. He sees them as 'bridges in a sense — between one part of the environment and another . . . bringing the outside world into the living areas'

And this is *my* house. It was intended as a garage for a big house that was never built. I bought it from a woman who had a superb English garden which I loved until the second year when the roses had gone wild and the grass was knee high. I had a smaller fence then, only about four feet high, and I could look out of my living-room windows across the road and see a neighbor's very ugly front door. So I called a man with a bulldozer and told him to shovel the garden into a hill at the end of the property. When he'd finished, it wasn't high enough. I could still see that ghastly door. So I had him scoop a hole in the garden to make the hill higher, and that made a pond. And that was the start of a quiet garden of native plants and grasses, which is what I had wanted anyway.

I've been fascinated by the Orient and Oriental philosophies for many years, ever since I was taught Japanese and sent with a special forces unit to India during the war. It's also partly the influence of Frank Lloyd Wright, who leaned toward mysticism and the Oriental. After the war I had thought of going into External Affairs. Then I saw a picture of Wright's famous desert house and I thought: If an architect can do that, I'm going to be an architect.

McGill was the only university that would accept me with a partial engineering qualification. While at McGill I went to see Wright. He was working from a magnificent estate in Wisconsin with what amounted to a group of disciples. It was incredibly peaceful there, and in the distance I heard someone playing the harpsichord. Wright seemed very interested in me and the fact that I had been an artist before joining the army and that I had little formal education. He thought education a corruption. He was prepared to accept me as one of his pupil-acolytes, but I took a travelling scholarship and landed in Egypt and Europe instead.

Eventually I ended up teaching at the University of British Columbia and living here, trying to coexist with the raccoons which is difficult. They make a hell of a racket on the roof and I used to chase them down the street. Have you ever tried standing in pyjama pants trying to explain a vendetta with raccoons to a curious policeman at 2 a.m.?

Today this house isn't my style at all. Now I want more space and I suppose as I grow older I want to get back to elementals, things that matter. The materials here now — fabric on the walls, heavy curtains, carpets — are all too sensuous, too artificial.

The house I would design for myself now would have solid walls and no roof. Its site would have great views, but I wouldn't want to be confronted with these views constantly through windows. I need to be able to look inward, to not have my innermost privacy disturbed by intrusion of the world outside, however beautiful, unless I want it to. Then I can go outside and look. Privacy is terribly important. I suppose that's why I built the fence that my neighbors don't like and I'm having to fight City Hall to keep. □



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A Dutchman's Guide To Amsterdam: Eat, Drink And Wear A Maple Leaf



At Waterhoplein flea market goods not sold by 4 p.m. are given away or broken up

BY KEES TER WOORT

If you want to know about a place, ask a man who lives there. The credibility gap between travel publicity and the real thing offends Dutch political scientist Kees ter Woort, who spends his summers in Canada, so he wrote

MY HOMELAND — and more particularly, my hometown of Amsterdam — will be more easily accessible to Canadians this year. (CP Air starts daily Canada-Amsterdam flights from June 21 — from Toronto, it's $379 for 14-28 days except from June 1 to August 9, when it's $434. Holland's own KLM has two flights a day out of Montreal at $338 for 14-28 days, with a high season surcharge of $54 from June 1 to August 9.)

As an Amsterdammer, I'm appalled and even embarrassed by the tourist traps of my own city. One day I'll begin picketing such places as the famous Five Flies Restaurant with a sign reading, "Kilroy — and the rest of North America — was here first," just to tell the conga line of docile, organized tourists what they're missing.

If you really want to know my homeland and city, remember that, whatever the tourist guides say, you *can't* do it on five dollars a day, and the Amsterdam Hilton is interchangeable with all the other Hiltons.

Avoid all the highly promoted hotels, such as the Port van Cleef or the Apollo, and do a bit of creative tourism by seeking out the classic middle class hotel — which usually resembles a rambling mansion — Vossius, Hotel Kok, the Palace or the Roemer Visser. All cost around five dollars a day, with breakfast — usually of smoked meats, dark bread and maybe hard-boiled eggs.

If you really want to enjoy Amsterdam do it our way: by bike (much cheaper than renting a car). Even the mayor of Amsterdam cycles to and from work, and while you'll probably never see Queen Juliana at the Royal Palace on Damsquare (she visits it only once a year), you might well see her cycling to the stores in Soest or Baarn, 30 miles south of Amsterdam, both villages near the permanent royal home.

Bicycling has another advantage: parking in central Amsterdam is a nightmare, and it is in central Amsterdam along by the canals that café life flourishes. Cafe-hopping is the best way to meet the real Amsterdam. At cafés such as Hoppe or Swart on Koningsplein, or the Pieper on the Prinsegracht or Eylders or Alto near the Leidseplein, you can have the time of your life for a third of the cost of a night out in Montreal or Vancouver. If you don't strike up a conversation immediately, tell the barman, loudly, you are Canadian. We Dutch are fond of Canadians: the memory of our World War II liberation by Canadians lingers on, so wear a maple-leaf emblem in your buttonhole.

Meeting people is, of course, a major problem for all tourists, but particularly difficult for the boy seeking a girl, or vice versa. Most make the mistake of swarming to nightclubs such as the Blue Note, Extase or the Casino, which are fun but not uniquely Dutch and no place to start a romance. Instead, try the Continental Bodega near the Leidseplein at about 5 p.m. It has three floors, all furnished in traditional Dutch fashion, and the only drink available is sherry — just choose from what must be Europe's most extensive list of sherries, ring the handbell provided and yell the number from the wine list to the waiter. It is one of the best boy-meets-girl spots on the Continent, and remains the aperitif watering hole of Amsterdam's beautiful young people. But go early: it closes at 7:30 p.m.

For eating, avoid restaurants of fame such as the Five Flies, if only because they are home-away-from-home for most North American tourists. Try the Chinese quarter Binnenbantammerstraat where you can float yourself for less than two dollars, and for traditional Dutch food there's the Silveren Spiegel (Silver Mirror), the Dornus and the Brouwerswapen which has the best beef in town. Don't expect a Calgary-sized steak, though beef is more costly in Europe than in Canada. One gastronomic delight often missed by tourists is the *rijsttafel*, our heritage from what was the Dutch East Indies now Indonesia. The *rijsttafel* is a bewildering proliferation of Oriental dishes all exquisitely served at once. At an Indonesian restaurant $10 will feed a young army.

Tourist literature always mentions Amsterdam's famous Concertgebouw orchestra, and tulips. We Dutch have more orchestras per square mile than any other nationality — but not in summer, when the tourists come. The Concertgebouw takes its long holidays then, or goes on tour: you're more likely to find it in Montreal or Toronto than Amsterdam. We also have tulips — but only in May and early June. They're long gone by the time the tourist season reaches its peak.

All Europe is conscious of North Americans' passion for antiques so the Spiegelstraat, the Dutch antique centre,

continued on page 54

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AMSTERDAM *continued*

is expensive. Far better to visit the Waterlooplein, Amsterdam's flea market. Most of the furniture and gewgaws on sale aren't really antique, but there's always the chance of a genuine bargain — and it's enormous fun particularly every afternoon at four when whatever has not been sold that day is given away or hacked to firewood by exuberant Amsterdammers to save the cost of carting it home again. My home is furnished with free "four-o'cluck furniture" — and I'm proud of it. A word of warning: if you want to buy on the Waterlooplein — or the Spiegelstraat, for that matter — get a Dutchman to make the purchase for you. The slightest English accent will boost prices by as much as 400%.

There is one tourist attraction the official literature never mentions: the red-light quarter by the canals. Prostitutes sit in cleverly lighted store windows, reading, looking bored or knitting, waiting for clients to fall prey to their charms. Prostitution is not illegal, the girls are heavily taxed and — those in the windows anyway — almost always are so pretty that just window-shopping is a tourist "must."

For a day in the country, avoid the established sight-seeing bus tours. Instead, cycle (or drive, if you must) a couple of miles north to Monnikendam and Edam, where you can walk along the old Zuider Zee, once part of Amsterdam's northern coastline. To gain more land we built another, bigger dyke farther out into the Zuider Zee, and what were once fishing villages are now inland communities. Even so, they remain among the most romantic places, and the many seafood restaurants provide superb food for about three dollars a dinner.

Half an hour's ride west of Amsterdam is Haarlem, a delight of ancient churches, restful terraces and the Frans Halsmuseum, where there is even better evidence than in the justly famous Amsterdam museum of the golden age of Dutch painting in the 17th century. Then, it seems, every butcher, baker and fisherman was a painter and a potential Van Dyke, and the Frans Halsmuseum is glorious evidence of the fact that many were, in fact, highly talented.

As a final caution, I quote from a promotional pamphlet claiming that "90% of Amsterdam residents speak surprisingly good English." It is surprising only if you realize that most of them *don't* speak English at all; a more reasonable interpretation of the travel-literature prose is that 90% of those people who do speak English, speak it well. But even with a language barrier, Amsterdammers are friendly, adept at sign language, and invariably helpful if you remember to wear that maple-leaf emblem on your jacket. □



You Mean All That Stuff Is Canadian!

Clothes, furniture, all of it — made in this country by the 20 companies in a new sprawling design conglomerate that dares to be known by its Canadianism alone

BY MARJORIE HARRIS
Photographs by Beverley Rockett

EVERYTHING YOU SEE in these pictures is not only good, it's also Canadian. And, in a way, that's news. It's only very recently that it has become possible to equate Canadian clothes and furniture with real style. The clothes on Canadians' backs and the furniture in Canadians' homes were almost always either dull and Canadian or well designed and imported. Now, however, there's a revolution in style under way in this country, and what you see on these pages is part of it. Here's how that particular corner of the revolution has come about.

Three years ago five Canadian millionaires got together and decided to risk almost every business asset they had — money, energy, manufacturing savvy — on the premise that good design and original ideas could actually be Canadian. Their gamble was not taken simply on grounds of burning patriotic fervor. They also thought they could parlay it into a lot of money, and they have.

It wasn't hard for the five to get together. Four of them are named Posluns — that's L. H. Posluns and his three sons, Irving, Jack and Wilf — and the fifth is an old friend of theirs named Jimmie Kay. Anyway, they pooled their companies, bought several others, and they decided to call themselves Dylex Diversified. Today, they own 20 com-▸





Everything here is made in Canada. **Left-hand row,** *from top to bottom: Floor lamp by Sidney Gibson for Singer Lighting. Leather Indian-inspired pantsuit from Irving Posluns Sportswear, man's ensemble from Harry Rosen, child's raincoat from Junior Deb, woman's raincoat from Irving Posluns (shoes from David's Footwear). Jumpsuit and midi coat by Pat McDonagh for the Re-Establishment, man's jump suit from Big Steel.*

Centre row, *from top: Chair designed by David Wollin for Artâge International (jumpsuit available at Fashion Council stores). Midi-skirted rainsuit from Junior Deb. Midi dress over trousers by Pat McDonagh for Re-Establishment (jewelry by Victor Secrett, Toronto).*

Right-hand row, *from top: Sweater from Big Steel, leather skirt and vest from Irving Posluns. Outfits by Susie Kosovic for Big Steel. Table lamp by Sidney Gibson for Singer; acrylic table by David Wollin for Artâge International.*

IT'S ALL CANADIAN!

continued

With 20 companies under its umbrella, Dylex is working to raise the level of manufacturing standards in Canada. Its five millionaire bosses believe Canadian-designed goods can sell anywhere in the world

panies and taken together, these holdings are as varied as Kurly Kate (scouring pads and green garbage bags) and Tip Top Tailors. Dylex intends to keep on expanding but, from now on, mainly on the design and sale of clothes and household furnishings.

The men of Dylex found right from the start that, though they needed many companies to realize their ambitious plans, they needed people even more. Talented people, and preferably talented young people. Result: in 1970 there is only one executive in Dylex who is more than 50 years old, and some very responsible positions are held by people who are under 30. To achieve the kind of style the level of taste that the Poslums and Kay sought, they gave their bright young stars a great deal of freedom. There was no Big Boss for ever hanging around and asking "But will it sell?", before an idea could get off the ground.

Consider the case of Irving Levine, one of Dylex's early captives. Levine used to run a modest chain of women's-wear stores which mainly carried American and European imports. Now with Lionel Robins, he heads a chain of 33 stores under the title of Fashion Council. He wanted to open hip boutiques for young people within the Fashion Council enterprises and, to everyone's subsequent good fortune, he happened to meet Susie Kosovic. She had already introduced mod designs to Canada. She was not only a first-rate designer of clothes for young people, she also had a pretty hard business head. The perfect Dylex executive. "I gave her complete freedom to do her own thing," Levine says. "If she wanted her sales staff walking around on their hands, that was okay with me."

As it happened, she did not want her staff walking around on their hands. And her own thing turned out to be a bunch of shops — called Big Steel — within the Fashion Council stores. They're filled with mirrors, shiny steel, black lighting and blaring rock 'n' roll music. Young people of both sexes increasingly enjoy shopping together, and Susie therefore made Big Steel unisex. Big Steel is jammed with stuff that's hot off her designing board. Some of the designs are the inspiration of only last week, or the week before. Dylex research showed that young Canadians everywhere want to dress in pretty much the same styles, and Big Steel's designs are uniform in five cities. Dylex's own factories and knitting mills turn the clothes out with a speed that's not characteristic of the rest of the garment industry. Consequently, Big Steel offers Canadian kids exactly what they want, exactly when they want it. Another upshot is that, although Big Steel was originally intended only as an effort to jazz up six or seven fusty old-lady stores, it is now expected to do four million dollars in business over the next few years.

The clothes are inexpensive, the turnover is extremely fast, the stuff is not magnificently constructed. But, for the price, the quality is so much superior to that of most cheap knocked-together imports that Big Steel's styles can't help but elevate the entire level of mass-produced clothing in Canada. Their influence on other Fashion Council stores has resulted in a new emphasis on buy-Canadian design, and Dylex doesn't care whether the design comes from one of its own employees or not.

The Dylex promotion of the midi is a similar story. Jack Poslums and Company was a rather stodgy manufacturing company. It was known for quality but not for any hot insight into high fashion. Its manager, Jack Kirstein, wanted to hype the old place up a bit, so he suggested that Dylex sign up Pat McDonagh. Kirstein had wandered into Pat's Re-Establishment boutique in Toronto and been impressed by her colorful and startling ideas for dressing women. He got Dylex to buy royalties on her name and more important, to buy her designing talent. She produced instant results. This spring, smack in the middle of the mini-midi-maxi controversy, she went flat out with the midi (two examples are shown on the preceding pages), and her decision may prove to be a fortunate example of the Canadian flair for compromise. She felt that certain looks go with the kind of life Canadian women lead. The life dictated the need, and the need was for sophisticated spring and fall clothes. And besides, Pat felt it was time for a return to elegance. Conclusion: the midi. Chic women love her midi, and so, apparently, do certain stores in New York. Healthy orders have come in from Henri Bendel and Lord & Taylor. Whether Canadian women love them won't be known for some time, but with the Dylex millions backing her, the gamble was at least possible. Without this sort of experimenting, it's unlikely that an original Canadian style will ever come about.

Dylex has also gone a fair way toward the radicalization of the men's-clothing business. For starters, it bought out Harry Rosen, an urbane tailor who owned a slick men's store in Toronto. Rosen's shop had attracted not only young men with highly contemporary ideas about what they wanted to wear, but also older businessmen who wanted to get some enjoyment out of dressing. Dylex already had 62 Tip Top Tailors stores, so it hardly needed Rosen's place; what it did need was Rosen's talent for merchandising. He moved in pretty fast. He has reduced Tip Top's made-to-measure department. And he has begun to work up a new Tip Top image. He commissioned Robert Meiklejohn, the best store designer in the country, to redesign all those drab old shops. Rosen's intention was to stress a small-store feeling in a large-store environment. He doesn't expect thousands of Canadian men to appear overnight in the sartorial vanguard. But, with the number of stores he now controls, he thinks he can influence male taste in subtle ways across Canada.

Rosen has also taken Canadian Clothiers, a huge manufacturing firm owned by Dylex, and insisted on an upgrading of the quality of its goods. He is determined to replace the firm's traditional habit of just turning out the same old goods every season with a fresh emphasis on fashion. With Dylex backing, he can get a vest suit into the fall line. The suits won't be a big item, but even if only 50 of them sell in the whole country, they will at least be on public view. They'll

continued on page 60



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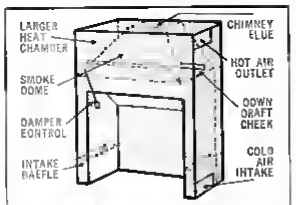
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continued

be on racks and in windows, and maybe a few men will be inspired to try a new way of dressing. The only other place where you're likely to find this sort of outfit is some super-hip boutique that most businessmen just wouldn't enter.

The furniture interests of the Posluns and Kay also needed revving up. Dylex had three firms that manufactured pretty straight middle-of-the-road goods. They started their renovation with Singer Lighting and to do this, they hired Harold Vogel, an enthusiastic manager who knew nothing at all about the furniture business. Vogel watched a competing company go out of business and then, as he puts it, he moved in like a vulture to snap up two of their key people. "Everyone else bought up bricks, we bought people. They ended up with empty buildings. We ended up with the creative staff."

One of these creative people is David Wollin, an inventive young designer who is among the few in Canada who consistently win international awards for their work. Dylex built a new company around him, and called it Artâge International. The idea is that Wollin should produce a limited quantity of prestige items, and that these will filter down to influence the mass-market goods and thereby upgrade the whole lot. Wollin works in plastics, new fabrics (some of them snitched from Dylex's fashion divisions) and new ways to be comfortable. The chair in our illustrations won a prize in the January Furniture Mart. Artâge International had been in existence exactly three days.

The sense of excitement that all these Dylex companies generate affects even those who do not work for them. Sidney Gibson, a bright young designer, had a new idea for plastic lighting based on theatrical techniques. He did his homework and figured out that the place to sell his idea would be Singer Lighting. Singer's enthusiasm for ideas, and its ability to get the stuff on to the market without watering down Gibson's designs, made it an effective ally. Dylex hopes this sort of thing will encourage other young people who've got good marketable ideas.

In the meantime, the whole gamble is looking pretty sweet. Last year, Dylex grossed $80 million. Their most conservative predictions indicate they'll be grossing $180 million in five years, and that's a very nice way, indeed, to advance the cause of a distinctive Canadian style. □

"...you won't have to sit through too many pictures of Paris.

On the second day there, my darling Arthur somehow managed to lose our money."



ARTHUR and Helen Leblanc got all the shots they wanted of London and Amsterdam—without discovering that their money should have been in American Express Travelers Cheques instead of cash.

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Do you think you're losing your mind? It may be something you *didn't* eat

BY M. L. CHAZOTTES

"DO WORDS MOVE when you read? Does your face get bigger when you look in the mirror? Do you hear your name called when there is nobody there?" Dr. R. Glen Green, a family doctor in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, puts these rather startling questions to patients who come to him with vague aches and pains but no evidence of any real disease.

Often enough, the patient confesses with some embarrassment that these illusions have made him wonder if he is losing his mind. Then, Dr. Green assures him that the trouble is not mental illness but simply an unsuspected diet deficiency.

After more than 22 years as a family practitioner, Dr. Green says that as many as one in 10 of his patients suffers from lack of nicotinic acid in his or her diet. In its most serious form this deficiency causes a disease called pellagra. It is generally thought to be rare in Canada, but Dr. Green is certain that a mild form he calls subclinical pellagra is more common than doctors suspect.

The symptoms most patients mention are sore throat, headache, pains in the chest and stomach, cramps in the legs and earache. They rarely talk about the hallucinations.

Since even the most thorough checkup reveals nothing, and the pains are more or less vague and tend to come and go, most doctors prescribe a mild tranquilizer. But the patient is back in a few weeks with the same trouble.

The deficiency can be more serious for children, says Dr. Green, because it interferes with their reading in school. "Often the words move so much that they can't catch them," he wrote in an article in the *Canadian Family Physician*. "They fail to reach their potential for no discernible reason. They lie down after school. They are tired, cranky and miserable. They suffer pains in almost every organ. They are sick, yet physically you can find nothing."

It's possible that the current craze for low-cholesterol diets, which cut down on butter, cheese and other dairy products, has something to do with the cases Dr. Green and his colleagues across Canada

continued on page 64

There isn't any map for discovery.

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MEDICINE *continued*

are seeing — sometimes without recognizing them.

Dairy products are high in nicotinic acid — which exists in all living cells and has nothing to do with the nicotine in cigarettes — and the related B vitamins. Other foods rich in nicotinic acid are protein substances such as liver and kidney, green-leaf vegetables, and peas and lentils — many of which might be missing from a family's diet.

Dr. Green's treatment is simple. He prescribes one gram of nicotinic acid three times a day. In one or two weeks the illusions disappear, and the aches and pains go with them. But if the patient has had the problem for years, Green warns, the cure, too, may take longer.

Dr. Green's theory is only part of a growing mass of evidence that Canadians are not eating as well — or as wisely — as they may think. A team of experts from the research laboratories of the Food and Drug Directorate of the Department of National Health and Welfare in Ottawa recently reported that we don't seem to be getting nearly enough vitamin A in our diet.

Their suspicions were aroused by investigations in Ottawa in 1968. Liver specimens from people who had died from various causes showed very low amounts of the vitamin. They had no reserves to fight off infection.

The latest study reported in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal* shows that liver samples tested in Halifax, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver all had low levels of vitamin A. Montreal showed more low values than any other location. Vancouver had the fewest, with Halifax, Winnipeg and Ottawa in between.

Klaus Hoppner, who headed the study for the FDD's nutrition-research division, says in his report on the more than 400 samples tested: "Many [of these] Canadians failed throughout their life span to accumulate significant reserves of vitamin A. [It] could not be detected in almost 10% and a further 21% had stores typical of the new born."

Since vitamin A is an important weapon in the body's fight against infection, this implies that many Canadians — often influenced by the trend to low-fat diets — have allowed their reserves to run dangerously low.

Hoppner's findings suggest that, here again, cutting down on dairy products could be the basic trouble. "If these products are avoided or eaten in small amounts, a great reliance must be placed on vegetable sources," his report says.

But while B-carotene found in some vegetables can be turned into vitamin A by the body, it's not known how well the body handles the job. In any case, say

continued on page 67



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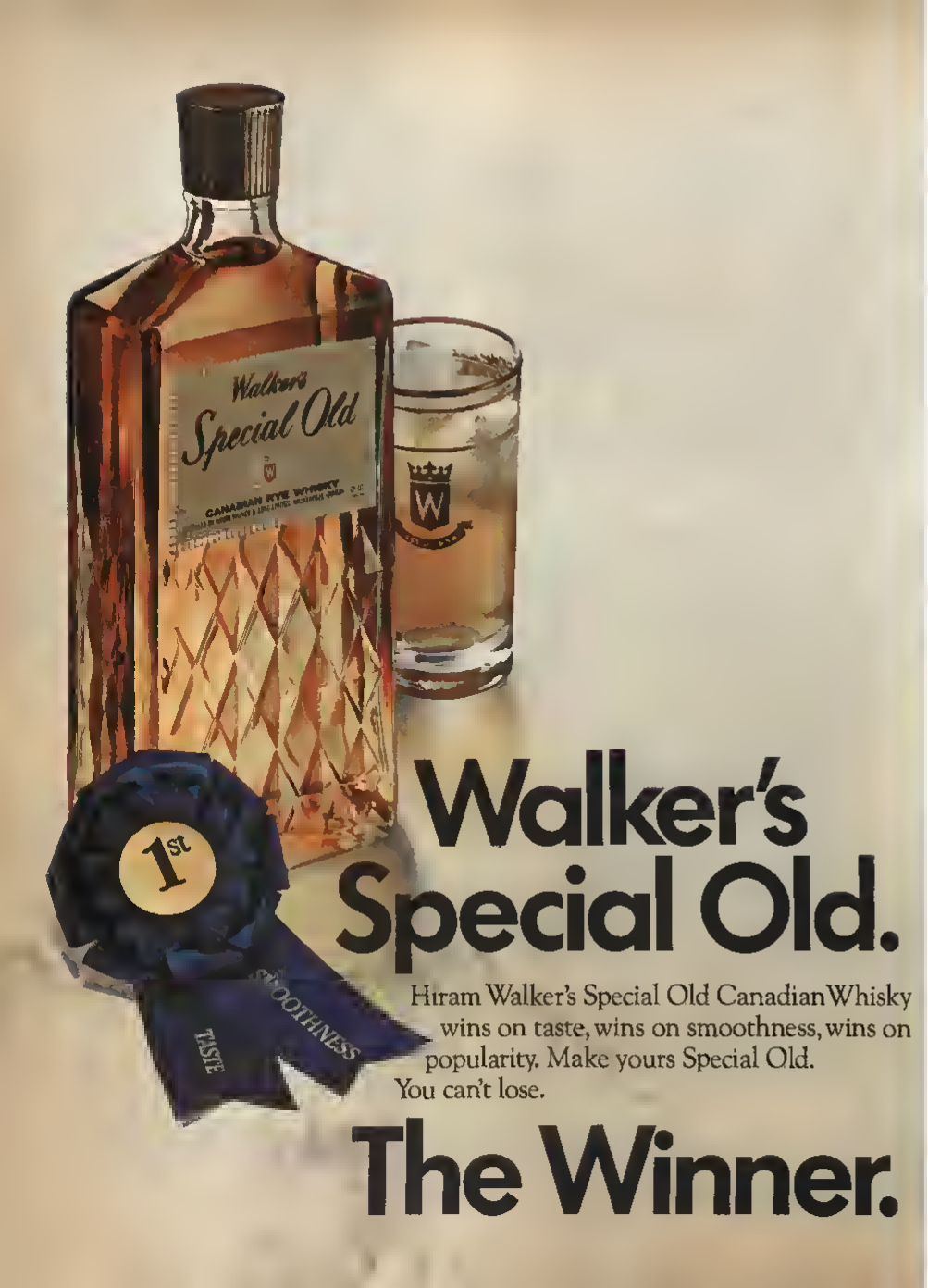
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MEDICINE *continued*

Hoppner and his team, "it may be unrealistic to believe that all Canadians will eat sufficient green and yellow vegetables to meet their needs."

The nutrition-research team has a positive solution: vitamin A should be added artificially to some staple item of food, and if newly developed foods replace any significant source of vitamin A in our diet then they should contain the vitamin themselves.

At least one world authority on nutrition is convinced this type of vitamin deficiency springs from diet fads. Dr. Frederick J. Stare, professor and chairman of the Department of Nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health, told the annual meeting of the American Medical Association that there is "an abundance of diet fads, quackery and charlatanism around today." He added bluntly: "Much of this nutritional nonsense comes from physicians."

Dr. Stare says that if people want to lose weight they should cut down on their overall food intake, instead of cutting certain foods right out of their diets. And they should exercise more.

"If you consider the hazards of too many calories, too much saturated fat, too much dietary cholesterol and not enough polyunsaturated fat as a sign of malnutrition, as I do, we have considerable malnutrition," he says.

"And with this line of thought, if one thinks of iron-deficiency anemia, iodine-deficient goiter and fluoride-deficient osteoporosis, I think there is abundant evidence of malnutrition."

The fact that such deficiencies make people ill should be enough to convince anybody that diet isn't something you should experiment with — or take for granted. You should check with your doctor before starting on any reducing diet, before cutting down on any foods — even to limit your cholesterol intake — or before abandoning a food if it's always been part of your regular diet. Otherwise you may be reducing your intake of important vitamins in one type of food without making it up in another.

If it's not a matter of dieting, but simply double-checking on the kinds of food you should be eating, there are several excellent leaflets and booklets published by government departments. *Why Get Ill From Foods? Good Food, Good Health* and *Noon Meal* can all be obtained (free) from the federal department of Health and Welfare, Ottawa 3. *Healthful Eating* (50 cents) is available from Canadian Government Bookshops in Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, or direct from the Queen's Printer, Ottawa. *Value For Food Dollars* is available free from the Information Division, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. □



The Sweet, Costly Ecstasy Of Falling In Love With Old Cars

BY JULIE WESTON



Ron Fawcett at wheel of his 1918 Pierce Arrow a leader of the old car buffs

RON FAWCETT, a Whitby, Ontario car connoisseur went to Automotive Day at the Canadian National Exhibition last year in spectacular style — at the wheel of a beige-and-brown 1918 Pierce-Arrow and with 13 passengers packed in the open seats behind him. When Fawcett, his wife Helen, their six children and six friends set out, the party was divided between two cars: the Pierce-Arrow and a 1938 Buick. But the Buick started to smoke in protest on Highway 401 and there was nothing for it but to let the Pierce-Arrow carry the load. As a judge in the vintage-car classes, Fawcett had to make the show.

Such incidents have become part of the folklore of the old-car buff. The businessman zipping by in his 1970 Mercedes may wonder why on earth they do it. Helen Fawcett explains: "I suppose it's because it is completely different from everyday motoring. It's slower, but you see more of the countryside. It can be uncomfortable in bad weather, but you look forward to the companionship of the people you meet and talk to along the way."

There are other reasons. Calgary garage owner Ed Pargee wanted to give his wife a car to celebrate their 25th anniversary. What caught his eye was a 1927 Model T Ford in restorable condition. It reminded him of the car they used on their wedding day. His wife never did get the car. Pargee kept it for himself and found a new interest. He now owns five vintage cars and is treasurer of the Alberta Pioneer Auto Club.

Toronto lawyer Peter Weatherhead doesn't yet own an old car, but his enthusiasm has made him archivist of the Antique And Classic Car Club of Canada and he is compiling one of the most extensive car libraries in the country. To Weatherhead, the early automobile is an art form: "You could put me on a desert island with only a beautiful old Rolls for company and I would be quite happy to sit and look at it," he says.

There are three main categories of old cars: ANTIQUES, anything up to 1929, except the Classics; CLASSICS, specified quality cars from 1925 to 1942; GENERAL INTEREST cars — 1930 to 1942. The enthusiasts who buy and cherish them are more difficult to define, but one thing is certain: they're everywhere. This summer there is at least one vintage-car club in most provinces. Together, they claim a membership of more than 6,000. Once rooted in an area, the fad grows fast: the Ontario-based Antique And Classic Car Club of Canada, which started 15 years ago with five members, now has more than 1,000.

Joining a club is the best way a novice old-car buff can get all the information he needs about the hobby. If it grips you, write to Peter Weatherhead at 30 Bennington Heights Drive, Toronto 17, Ont.

Ontario, home province of the Canadian Historic Automobile Federation, has become the centre of the vintage-car fad. It has well-equipped museums at Niagara Falls and Oshawa and in Ottawa's Science And Technology Museum. And Ron Fawcett's Motor Carriage Company, in Whitby, is the largest vintage-car restoring operation in Canada. Restoration, Fawcett style, is a lengthy and painstaking business. Everything on the car is taken apart, sandblasted, cleaned, repaired, repainted and replaced. A complete restoration may take a year and cost from $3,500 up.

Fawcett figures that a General Interest car — Model A Fords, the 1930s' Dodge and Chevy sedans and others for which parts are still fairly easy to get — can be picked up in running condition for $800 to $1,000 dollars. Something more historic runs higher. A restored 1909 Model T complete with brass rad costs $9,500. Fawcett estimates that his own Pierce-Arrow, which took him two years to rebuild from scrap parts, is worth $30,000 to $40,000.

If you are a do-it-yourself type, entrée into the vintage-car world can come cheaper: you can start off with an unrestored body and chassis costing $200 or $300. But you need skill of a mechanic, metalworker and painstaking artisan rolled into one. Still, for many that's the thrill of old cars. As Ed Pargee, of Calgary, puts it, "There's the satisfaction of restoring something that might otherwise just be going to waste."

But Ron Fawcett warns against expecting to find cheap automobile treasures. "People have come to realize that antique cars will be valuable to someone," he says. In fact, a whole collectors' subculture has grown up around parts such as old wheels, horns and radiators.



The famous Model T. This 1911 version is owned by Sherwin Stapely, Campbellford, Ont.

The real old-car nut is a happy exhibitionist who enjoys being looked at, laughed at, glowered at as he poop-poops down the highway at 35 mph. After all, he's been doing it since 1898. That was the year John Moodie, a wealthy Hamilton industrialist, caused Canada's first traffic jam driving his $1,000 gasoline car along Toronto's Yonge Street and panicking all the horses. □

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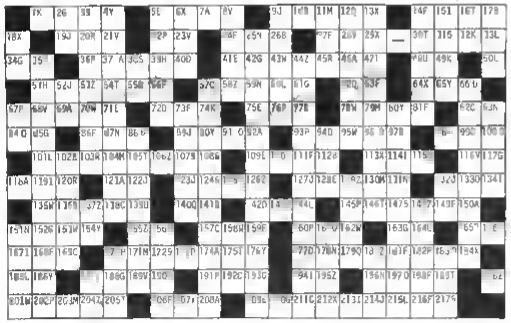
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Canada's Toughest Acrostic: No.3

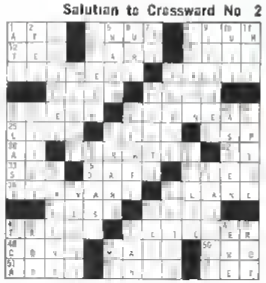
BY DIANA FILER

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A Canadian actor, writer, TV personality, born 1919 (full name)	92 174 66 7 150 208 37 121 / 116 46
B To fear the foe, since fear ——— strength' (Richard II)	124 17 102 67 136 77 112 25 / 141 10
C Moniker for William Watson	52 157 192 57 138 211 186
O Lake on west side of QNS&L Railway	72 40 142 125 177 54 55 190 / 4W
E Savory, delicious	5 27 209 128 75 41 86 159 / 109
F Asbestos town, Megantic Co., Que. (2 wds.)	24 206 14W 91 63 111 216 56 / 181 166 73 196 14
G Be able to do within a measured limit (3 wds.)	117 2 210 34 65 152 61 42 / 163 193 14W
H Hebrew dry measure	39 51 166 170 86
I Surgeon, b Gravenhurst, Ont., 1890, greatly revered in China	213 119 15 187 194 134 167
J Not in shape (3 wds.)	214 52 6 127 123 65 19 122 / 132
K Be next to	32 74 1 156 207 45
L Canadian quarterly review	155 50 144 101 71 215 68 33
M Editor of Word L	171 79 104 203 130 11

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N One of an originally Austrian religious group living mainly in Alberta and Manitoba	25 87 178 151 59 131 143 156 / 83
O Improving, getting well (3 wds.)	61 161 183 167 96 186 133 84 / 66
P Montana Alberta whisky trade route set up in 1869 (1 wd & comp wd.)	173 161 202 22 182 63 36 165 / 145 160 76 67
Q American folksinger, composer of **It's A Mighty World**	82 115 12 88 179 140
R Raised	20 103 45 120 217
S Small case for a keepsake	36 31 3 172 107 147
T Canadian feature movie filmed in 1963	205 54 199 185 146 114 47 16 / 175 30
U Negative adverb	154 48 134
V BC coastal Indian tribe	21 189 66 23 8 28 118
W Young fern frond eaten as a delicacy	78 158 162 95 135 70 201 43 / 153 198
X Canada's national game?	29 113 64 212 6 184 18 13
Y CPR engineer contractor Savona to Port Moody	186 110 35 40 40 176 65 154 / 4
Z Fruit of same family as quince, pear, etc	137 44 146 106 160 200
Z On that side	155 129 58 53 148 204 126



Solution to Crossword No. 2



DIRECTIONS Read each DEFINITION. Then fill in the applicable word on the dashes following — one letter for each dash. Write each dash letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. Black squares in diagram indicate ends of words. If there is no black square at the end of a line, the word carries over on to the next line. When you have completed the puzzle, the first letter of each answer in the WORDS columns — reading top to bottom, first column on to the second — will give you the name of a well-known Canadian author and the name of one of his books. The words in the diagram form a quotation from this work. Answer published next month.



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Morgan White Rum



How Contest No. 50 Found The Heart Of Canada

THERE HAVE BEEN many attempts to capture the sharp, sappy, maple-pine-grain flavor of Canada in words — from Sara Binkstan fantasy to Sunshine Sketches to salt-Fundy shanties. But the true, distilled essence of this nation is not celebrated in poetry or prose or song. It's found in obscure corners of those basic publications that are in many ways more Canadian than any Governor General's prizewinner — our daily and weekly newspapers.

For a contest shamelessly modeled on the "This England" section of Britain's *New Statesman*, readers were asked to provide press clippings that humorously illustrated our distinct way of life. The response was excellent, although one major problem soon became apparent: there isn't much that escapes our national wire service, The Canadian Press. When a Calgary newspaper printed a bright little story about how a man foiled a pickpocket in a cubicle of a men's lavatory, an alert CP correspondent was bound to notice it. The result was that the identical report appeared in some 75 newspapers across the land and at least 30 readers sent clippings to us.

Similarly, we received numerous copies of a delightful CP report out of Vancouver that described how a judge had ordered Dale Martin, 22, to avoid making any girl pregnant for three years. The story continued: "The order not to impregnate any girls came from Judge Les Bewley, who gave Martin a suspended sentence and the three-year probation for possession of an offensive weapon. 'Does the order apply if Martin marries?' asked defense lawyer Jack Cram. 'Yes,' said the judge. 'He will have to get written permission.'"

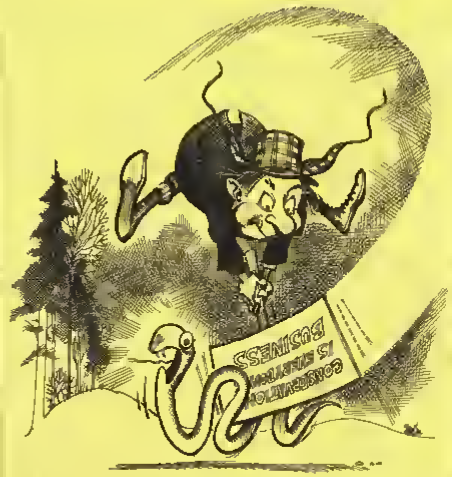
Once we had regretfully decided to rule out wire-service stories, there was never any doubt which entry would win first prize. We take great pleasure in awarding $50 to R. M. Johnstone, of West Hill, Ont., for this story which appeared in the March 26 edition of the Cape Breton *Post*. From dateline to denouement, it is a perfect example of Canadiana:

DOMINION—John Price, local dog fancier and conservationist, said today he saw a snake crawling in the snow while walking in the woods.

Mr. Price said he and two friends were training dogs in the woods near the Beagle Club one day this week when he came on a brown snake about two feet in length.

Mr. Price, who said he killed the snake, said it is the first time in 50 years that he has traveled in the woods that he saw a snake in the snow.

He was accompanied by Frank Hickey Jr. and Joseph Caume and John Attwood. The snake, he said, was moving along the top of the snow.



Second prize of $25 goes to Miss Jean Reed of Kirkland Lake, Ont., for this clipping from the *Northern Daily News*:

Despite a temperature reading of 30 below zero, approximately 35 people attended a sunrise Easter service at Culver Park Sunday. The service arranged by Kirkland Lake Ministerial Association, is an annual affair designed to commemorate Easter Sunday, the day Jesus Christ rose from the tomb. The service was to have been held on the lake shore, where a wooden cross had been erected but due to cold weather, and the biting wind, it was moved to the bandstand at the park.

These runners-up each receive $10:

DID YOU HEAR that old warrior Doug Evans is still fighting to preserve empire ties? Fought hard to retain the old red ensign. Now he's doing his utmost to see that the queen's head remains on our postage stamps. He won't buy a stamp with any other design. When he goes to the post office he asks for five or six "of the best." The boys behind the wicket know what he means. Nanaimo FREE PRESS (Mrs. T. R. Parsons, Wellington, BC)

THE FORSYTE SAGA 1 HR
This outstanding BBC serialization of the Galsworthy novels and short stories about the Forsyte family continues tonight (if it isn't pre-empted by hockey). From the CBC's program guide SELECT. (M. H. I. Baird, Dundas, Ont.)

Business must be booming in Fraser Lake despite all that Mr. Benson can do. The Fraser Lake Taxi is putting on a third car. LAKE DISTRICT NEWS (Mrs. Stella McLachlan, Burns Lake, BC)

Magistrate Baryluk told him the offense is one of a serious nature. "You have no right to burn anything not belonging

A set of Crystal. The ultimate in good taste.

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Walker's Crystal Gin is the one gin with flavour enough not to drown in the mix. Yet not so much bouquet as to overpower a tonic. Makes a desert-dry martini, too.

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Walker's Crystal Gin and Crystal Vodka.



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CONTEST continued

to you—especially if it's not in your neighborhood.' Winnipeg FREE PRESS (Mrs H Boughton, Winnipeg)

I am a boarder in Grade 13 at Upper Canada College Your article implied snobbishness on the part of the students and I must protest against this partisan attitude from a magazine which apparently caters to lower-income groups Letter to the editor of the CANADIAN (F Aryee Downsview, Ont)

Mrs Pollmer was wearing a beige shirt, black ski pants short gray leather boots with brass buckles She is, quite clearly a tough teacher who doesn't suffer fools gladly Toronto TELEGRAM (Pat Grainge, Toronto)

Readers are reminded that this contest forms the basis for a new regular feature in *Maclean's* called "Chez Us." We will pay $10 for each clipping published that yields a humorous or unusual insight into the Canadian way of life Stories that are funny merely because of typographical errors are ruled out, so are wire-service stories Address entries to "Chez Us," *Maclean's*, 481 University Ave, Toronto 101 □

CONTEST NO. 52

The age of well-turned phrases seems to be passing us by When last did anyone snatch defeat from the jaws of victory? What happened to the days when you could bring down a prime minister by describing him as a sheep in wolf's clothing? Where are the pessimists of yesteryear who were always warning about tunnels at the end of this light? In an effort to bring phrase-turning back into fashion, *Maclean's* offers the usual prizes for original, witty and topical examples Address entries to Contest No 52, *Maclean's* 481 University Ave, Toronto 101 Ont The deadline is June 22

RECORDS

McCartney (Apple) When he's not hiding away at his farm in Scotland with his wife, Linda Eastman, and their kids, Paul McCartney is making news. And, sometimes, a little bit of music. But it's the news that comes easiest Three weeks ago McCartney reported that the Beatles were through — and it ended up in editorial columns Three months before that a McCartney-is-dead rumor crept over the country Now, it's his first solo album — after John, George and Ringo have made theirs And well, it's nice that his music is so nice

Mahler: Symphony No. 9 (Vanguard Cardinal) There are many fine recordings of this — Klemperer's (Angel), Bernstein's (Columbia), Solti's (London) and Walter's (Columbia) But this is by the finest little orchestra west of the Pecos, the Utah Symphony, under Maurice Abravanel's direction And lest you think "culture" stops just east of Staten Island, give a listen

Miguel Rios: A Song Of Joy (A & M) This little single 45 is the boldest piece of junk just released to the suspecting Top-40 stations It's a rock-oriented borrowing from the choral movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony And I urge you to buy it — only so that you can destroy every existing copy before the idea catches on

Gordon Lightfoot: Sit Down Young Stranger (Reprise) A strange streak of sanity has run through Lightfoot's career so far But as much as Canadians have loved him for it, it hasn't helped in the States, record-biz-wise So he changed record companies And with a little help from some Los Angeles friends for this new LP and with a superb studio sound, Lightfoot's out on new directions Again □

— PETER GODDARD

TELEVISION

Civilisation is a stunning triumph—too bad it's for the BBC

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

ANYONE WHO believes television is more than a medium for opportunistic technicians to make a few bucks (which eliminates most members of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters), anyone not yet dedicated to the proposition that TV has to be a commercial enterprise geared to a man-as-consumer philosophy (which eliminates the CTV brass and the current regime at the CBC), anyone in fact who nurses the belief that TV has an extraordinary potential to inform, to inspire, to excite and not to nauseate will be moved to tears of joy by the documentary series *Civilisation*

This 13-part BBC color — and O Raphael, what color! — production is an excursion down the highway that leads from the fall of Rome to the rise of New York under the enchanting direction of art historian Sir Kenneth (now Lord) Clark It is being carried, with almost palpable reluctance, by the CBC on Thursday nights at nine The first of the hour-long shows was scheduled to begin May 14, hockey playoffs always permitting It's a measure of the CBC's budding, although still infantile, sense of responsibility to the tax-paying public that *Civilisation* — unlike *The Forsyte Saga* — will not be interrupted by commercials (I'm being generous, it's just as likely that the CBC sought sponsorship and the polluted Gulf-streamed tastes of Canadian advertisers prevented them from recognizing pure and compulsive viewing when they saw it)

But it is also a measure of how far the CBC's rehabilitation as a truly public network has yet to go that the corporation spent last fall purveying Ed Sullivan on Sunday nights instead of Ken Clark (the series has been available for a year) The minority of Canadian viewers watching *Civilisation* now — with a midweek time slot in an off-season it couldn't help but be a minority — owe it to their fellow citizens to demand, with all the modern people-power weapons at their disposal, that the network repeat *Civilisation* in prime weekend time next autumn And to hell with the CBC's sponsor-dominated scheduling format

As you will have gathered, I think *Civilisation* is great Last year I said *Mountbatten* (carried by CTV, to its eternal credit) was the best television documentary series ever made Well, Mountbatten has been deposed With *Civilisation's* opening episode, during which Clark explains how Western culture was salvaged by a handful of monks clinging to the Outer Hebrides during the Dark Ages, there's a quality of excellence that makes the hairs on the back of a viewer's neck bristle: this, finally, perfectly, entertainingly, is what mass television should be all about

Clark's Tour is never obtuse or condescending It kept 15 million British families fascinated week after week Only people who have put their minds out to pasture in *Green Acres* with Arnold the Pig could fail to be stimulated The series, which took two years to film, unfolds against a rich visual backdrop provided by the art, architecture and landscapes

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of 11 countries Clark's observations are seldom less than enlightening. Here he is, for example, on the Renaissance: "It is certainly incorrect to say we are more graceful than other animals, and we don't much feel like immortal gods at the moment. But in 1400 the Florentines did."

Some people, and I was one, can spend four expensive years at university without picking up as lucid and coherent a view of the last 2,000 years as Clark presents for free. The series, quite simply, is a liberal-arts education.

The important thing to remember is that the publicly owned BBC operates with just about the same budget as the CBC. This particular TV triumph, which will be seen throughout the civilized world, cost less than a million dollars to produce. That's peanuts when you realize the CBC shelled out nearly $300,000 for the negative privilege of relaying *Laugh-In* this season. The principal ingredients of *Civilisation* are an imaginative idea, a sensitive camera crew and a witty, intelligent writer-narrator. The subject matter and most of the settings — Michelangelo's David, Beethoven's Fifth, a Celtic headland, the cloud-capp'd towers of Manhattan and gorgeous French palaces — are theatrically, like Great Slave Lake or the story of Air Canada, public properties.

All of which relates to the flatulent, utterly depressing performance the Canadian broadcasting industry put on at the native-content hearings before the Canadian Radio-Television Commission in April. The visibly disgusted CRTC saw a parade of public and private broadcasters shuffle past like phony street beggars pleading that their production limbs have been maimed by emigrating talent and their imaginations blinded by poverty. When the broadcasters weren't scourging themselves with their own shortcomings or bewailing the possible depletion of multi-million-dollar profits, they were attacking journalists who are merely giving voice to the public's growing discontent. And when all the self-interested whining was over, nobody had managed to explain why Canada can't produce a quality television series like *Civilisation* which is capable of recouping production costs in export sales within 18 months.

God knows, we may not be the most culturally independent nation in the world. But Canada deserves a better run for its money than the majority of broadcasters seem prepared to sell us out for. □



Sir Kenneth Clark

Will *La Guerre* survive fashionability? With a little luck, *oui*

BY PHILIP SYKES

A highly informal and kindly intentioned memorandum to Professors of Literature everywhere:

No, I really don't think you should make *La Guerre, Yes Sir!* the subject of your forthcoming seminar. It's tempting, I know. This separatist thing is intriguing the students and you're sitting there with a new translation of a singular French-Canadian novel. And it would fit easily — *too* easily — into your interesting thesis on cultural alienation. The other fellows? Yes, I know. We found a political moral, I found litmus traces of Stendahl, Gide, Faulkner, Joyce, Cervantes, Kafka and Lorca — all in one short novel! Newly launched — and already it's awash in profundities!

If you'd leave it — just *postpone* the seminar — this translation by Sheila Fischman of the 1968 novel by Roch Carrier could be the one to survive fashionability. It could be the one thousands of Canadians will read. Don't interpret it. Don't cage it in the lecture hall. It's alive. Nothing you will say about it is as good as the thing itself.

"Joseph spread the five fingers of his left hand on the log.

He heard breathing behind him. He turned around. It was his own.

His other fingers, his other hand, seized the axe. It crashed down between the wrist and the hand, which leapt into the snow and was slowly drowned in blood."

Continuing tradition of the literature of protest, I was afraid you'd mention that. But not quite. Joseph is a Quebecker cutting off his hand to avoid the "Christly shells" of World War II. Two paragraphs after the axeblow:

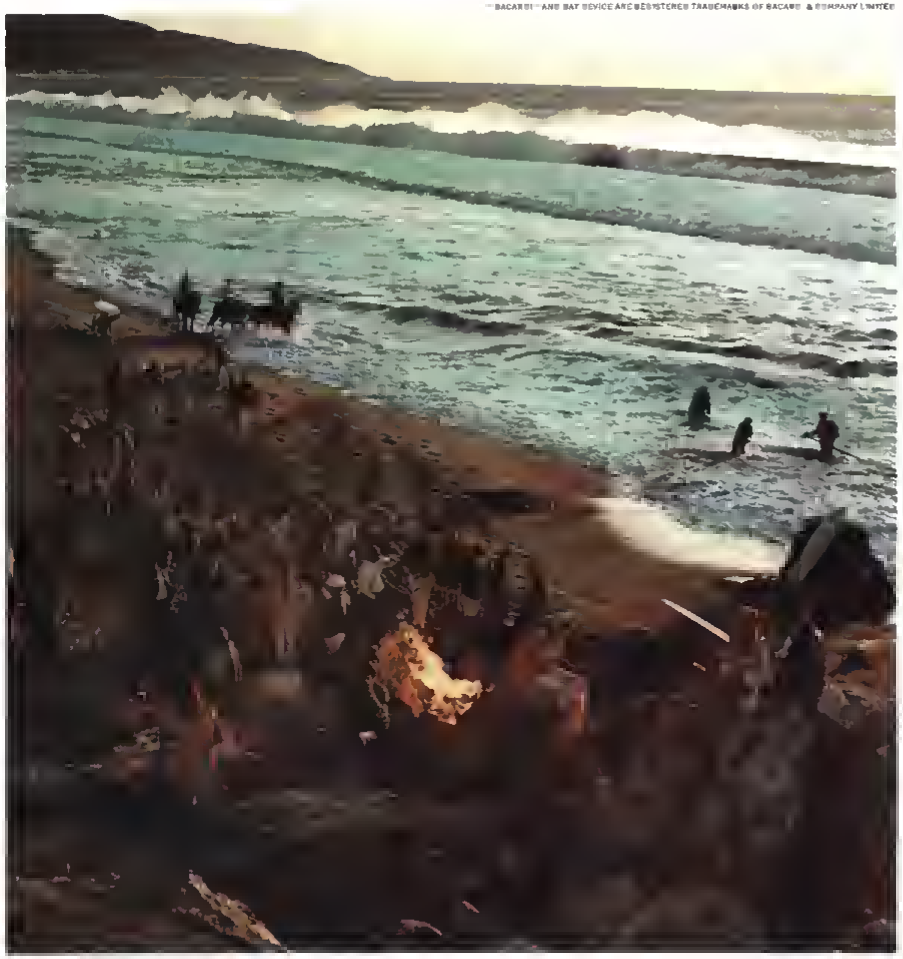
"Joseph burst into a great laugh, which he could hear going up very high, up above the snow. He hadn't had so much fun since the beginning of the war. The villagers heard his voice. He was calling for help."

You could say — perhaps you have already — that *La Guerre, Yes Sir!* is a study of people at a particular time in the *survivance* of Quebec, the time when the world of modern wars lurched boorishly into the 18th-century village, the last moment, perhaps, of medieval life. Carrier defines it best. It is the time *when the war dirtied the snow.*

You could say that this is a novel about "the pattern of misunderstandings" between a color party of faceless English-speaking soldiers and the French-speaking villagers. Remember that scene where the half-drunken peasants, united by an affront to their deep, old sense of possession, hurl themselves against *les Anglais*. Your lecturers, I'm afraid, will relate that passion to the roar of the separatist youth last month, *Le Québec-aux-Qué-bé-cois*.

But how will you categorize Carrier's *people*? Joseph, whose severed hand becomes a hockey puck? Virile Arthur and jealous Henri who take turns in the hot bosom and the fecund bed of

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Amélie? The soldier Bérubé, who "passes" from French to English? The Corriveaus, *mère* and *père*, distinctly shaped like village carvings, yet live from the earth with tastes and senses

"Anthyme was holding a glass filled with foaming cider For years he had been making his cider in the fall when as he said 'The wind is ready to scratch the apples' Then he buried his bottles in the cellar where they remained hidden in the ground for a very long time His children became men and the bottles were still in the ground On great occasions, Anthyme would parsimoniously draw out a bottle and quickly fill in the hole so that, as he said, 'The light of the cider won't get out' Over the years Anthyme's cider became charged with marvelous forces of the earth"

How will you categorize characters? By symbolism, if I know you

Oh, the symbols are there Young Corriveau is the central man and he is in his coffin — I know you relish that The village lecher who went to war Blown up while defecating on the field of battle Decorated, too Borne home by seven of the uncomprehending *Anglais* Mourned piously in the cottage, prayed over, talked over, laughed over drunk over and — the night lengthening — fought over at the riotous wake Finally, by Corriveau, *mère* and *père* wept over

"The old people wept What was the use of having been a child with blue eyes, of having learned about life, its names its colors, its laws, painfully as though it were against nature? What was the use of having been a child so unlucky in life? What was the use of the prayers of that pious child, who had been as pale as the pictures of the Saints? What was the use of the blasphemes of the child become a man?

Everything was as useless as tears"

The man a corpse, the central woman a shining harlot in a bridal gown (I see you have noted her partial bilingualism and categorized her "the one flash of light in the comedy's darkness") Well, yes Molly from Newfoundland, Bérubé's purchased bride, is a follower, perhaps, with a foot in both camps But would you make her a symbol of national reconciliation? No with "those breasts firm as hot rolls," those "buttocks that could make a man lose his head," that whiteness, she is a carnal incitement to life When Bérubé rolled on to Molly in Corriveau's bed above the mourners, "It was death that they stabbed at, violently"

Corriveau and Molly Curses and prayers The violent young and the hospitable old Cosmic farce and human sorrow, intimately felt

It is a black comedy, true, layered in contrasts There are depths in its spare lines For you, professor, it is a whole harvest festival of a fruitcake — you can nibble in its meanings for years

Most of all, it is joyous reading You should not, cannot, define in your lecture notes precisely why this is so Say nothing Tell them all to read it Call off the seminar That's an order

La Guerre, Yes Sir! Roch Carrier, *translated by Sheila Fishman, House of Anansi cloth cover $5, paperback, $2.50* □



You helped finance the creation of a big, dumb Frankenstein

BY WILLIAM CAMERON

"IN 1967, ONLY $22 million was expended in the private sector of the economy on the production of films Of this amount, less than $500,000 was spent on the production of feature films In effect, Canadians spent more than 40 times as much on the production of feature films abroad as they did on films made in Canada"

That quote is from the 1968-69 Annual Report of the Canadian Film Development Corporation, and if you're a Canadian nationalist at all, it's a little frightening The Canadian Radio-Television Commission is trying to jack up our domestic broadcasting to 60% of the total available Three years ago, of the total films shown in Canada, our domestic stuff amounted to about *two-and-a-half* percent

This situation, of course, is the one the CFDC was given $10 million to do something about But the distinction between the CRTC, in broadcasting, and the CFDC, in films, is a crucial one The CRTC is a regulatory body it has the power to yank broadcasting licenses, and has lately shown a cheerful tendency to do just that The CFDC, on the other hand, is an angel

The idea, roughly, is that the CFDC invests in movies in exactly the same way anybody else does It puts up production costs, and gets its money back when the film goes into distribution and starts to pay off There is one joker clause — in almost every case, the film's producer must have money from a distributor in the bank to prove he's serious before the CFDC will entertain his application (Last summer, the Corporation gave away a total of $100,000 to six feature films in production, and $25,000 to eight films in other categories — a burst of charity one hopes will become annual)

When the distributor-participation clause became public, quite a few film makers started getting suspicious — there are, after all, very few distribution houses in Canada that aren't tied to American parent bodies, and the wholly Canadian distributors that do exist are usually very big but very poor So about half of the decisions about which movies were going to be made in Canada would still be made in the United States But it was better than nothing — and that was, after all, the choice

Last month, three CFDC-supported films were shown in Toronto as part of the first wave of the new Canadian cinema Two were short (between 65 and 75 minutes), experimental, free-style pictures (David Cronenberg's *Stereo* and Morley Markson's *Zero The Fool*) The Corporation had picked up half the costs for Markson's film, and put up $500 to make prints of *Stereo* available to film festivals (with an undertaking to finance Cronenberg's next film, *Cruise of the Future*) They both turned out to be very good indeed — unexpected, audacious, engrossing films, quite unlike each other, but with a common wry intelligence The third was an expensive, commercial, Hollywood-length extravaganza (William Marshall and Gil-

bert Taylor's *Flick*, again half-financed by the CFDC), and it was an enormous, reverberating disaster Something for everybody

David Cronenberg's *Stereo* is smooth, elegant and accessible The film is set in the long science-fiction spaces of Scarborough College in Toronto, and is a peculiarly semisatiric account of an experiment performed by the Canadian Academy For Erotic Research, which is pretty much what it sounds like Six subjects are isolated and subjected to various manipulations to determine their telepathic cohesion, they strip, fondle, and swallow drugs in response to commands from a man with a beard and a white lab jacket

Cronenbreg's concern is one that is becoming almost traditional among experimental film makers, the shifty creeping of scientific inquiry into the most private areas of human life But *Stereo* is also, damn it, a *funny* film, a structured put-on, with a solid concern behind the wit The lead, Ron Mlodzik, has a face that belongs in a Bergman tragedy, and a supple, self-aware comic sense

Morley Markson's *Zero The Fool* is a semidocumentary — "semi" because the characters are avowedly aware of the camera, and use it, as they prefer not to in, say, Allan King's films — about three very odd people who live in Ottawa and appear to be without grace or reality Penelope, a young poetess, lives with Danny, an acidulous and somewhat nervy intellectual, and the two of them pursue an ambiguous relationship with Gerald, a soft-faced homosexual who wears Greta Garbo hats and is fond of improvising in a Russian contralto When these three begin to reconstruct their situation for Markson's camera, the connections between them begin to fray They turn on each other (and on Markson) with the savagery of people who sense that they are ludicrous, and the film ends in an atmosphere of unabated bitchery

Zero The Fool is a cruel and often unwatchable film, but it is real, a film of and about personal power, and it has a message, if you like Exhibitionists are people, too

So the CFDC did those right, or, at least, gave its money to the right people, and so made possible two more-than-competent films But in *Flick*, the CFDC, and everybody else, right down to the guy who sells the popcorn, made a very bad mistake,

Flick is, I think the dumbest movie I have *ever* seen The lead, Victor Frankenstein (Robin Ward) is a promising young brain experimenter who is upset because people think his name is funny. (I don't think his name is funny.) After he is bounced out of the University of Toronto on a drug rap (he is priggishly innocent) by the slippery old dean (Austin Willis), he wires up a colleague and sics him on all the bad guys There is a surprise ending, too

Marshall and Taylor pile it on with nude scenes, a rock band, flashing lights, pot, and campus revolutionaries who can't — I swear it — spell their signs right The only redeeming feature of all this is Frankenstein's girl friend, Kathleen Sawyer, who can't act at all but has a lovely, fresh, sinewy body When I found myself getting bored with Miss Sawyer's breasts, I knew that *Flick* was doing awful, irredeemable things to me

All this is instructive Marshall and Taylor never pretended that they were out to produce a work of art, they were going to make an American-style grade-B potboiler, and the CFDC, for reasons that still aren't clear, went along with it. They have produced a grade-Z potboiler instead, which is with any luck going to disappear suddenly and beyond memory's recall, leaving the CFDC $150,000 out-of-pocket.

Cronenberg and Markson, on the other hand, have produced idiosyncratic, annoying, and extremely inventive films, which cost *together* less than a tenth of the budget of *Flick*, and which show some expectation of returning an honorable profit on their investment. And that should also concern the CFDC, which is based on a revolving fund, and depends on getting at least some of its money back from the producers it supports

But the final — and, to me, most important — contrast is that *Stereo* and *Zero The Fool* reflect, if not a coherent vision of Canada, at least honest representations of what two talented young men who live here have to say *Flick* is a derivative, trendy, chintzy exploitation picture that could have been made as well (or better) in Delaware

This is, surely, as much indication as anybody needs that the CFDC should not try playing Joseph E Levine again The demand in this country is not for American-International voodoo-and-violence movies, but for movies that come out of some kind of honest, intelligent experience I'm not against large-budget pictures, God knows — actors and technical assistants and cameramen and guys who run film labs have to eat — but not, please, at the price of *Flick*

There is some kind of middle ground, and perhaps it can be seen in some of the pictures that used to come out of the National Film Board, or even now from the CBC, when the CBC is feeling healthy When, in short, somebody bright has something to say

As a charter taxpayer in the Canadian Film Development Corporation, I paid for perhaps one-tenth of a twirl of one of the lenses on *Zero The Fool*, and I'm rather proud of that But I also lost more money on *Flick*, and I'm damned angry about that. Let the Americans do it □





Stereo



Zero The Fool



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